

# The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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## MISCELLANY.

### THE LYRE.

Ah! what avails it, though the voice of fame  
No longer seem my loving lays to scorn!  
Ah! what avails it, though my humble name  
Be doom'd to shine in ages yet unborn!

I only aim one beauteous breast to fire!  
I only wish one voice my themes to prize!  
I only seek to harmonize my lyre,  
That I may triumph in Belinda's eyes!

But oh! from all I wish, she still refrains—  
She, smiling, doubts the sorrows I profess;  
Or, since they bring to life such tender strains,  
She laughing, cries, she cannot wish them less.

Then hence, my lyre, and as your best rewards  
Are, after this, unworthy of my care;  
Thus—thus, I tear away your treacherous chords,  
With one last note of anguish and despair!

For the Constellation.

### THE HUNCHBACK.

[Translated from the French.]

#### CHAPTER THIRD.

Mendoza's story. How he became acquainted with Don Garcia and his daughter. What service he rendered them. Cause of his despair. The Hunchback's singular philosophical system.

"I am the only son of a merchant of Toledo.—Brought up a tender and beloved mother, surrounded from the cradle by kindness and attention, I never knew the torments with which other children purchase the benefits of education. My father, himself an educated and enlightened man, took charge of my studies, he made them truly agreeable to me, and the little knowledge I possess, cost me not a single tear. At the age of eighteen my father associated me with him in his commercial enterprises, and, thanks to his active goodness, they were never irksome or disagreeable to me."

"I was leading a pleasant, peaceful and uniform life, when one evening passing through an obscure part of the town, I saw an old man defending his daughter against two ruffians. I threw myself, sword in hand, upon the wretches, one of whom soon fell beneath my arm, the other sought safety in flight. 'Brave cavalier,' said the old man to me, 'I am a stranger whom important affairs have brought to Toledo. My name is Don Garcia de Puebla, and the King, in recompense of my long services, has deigned to confide to me the government of Merida. I lodge close by, and as you may meet with annoyance on account of the man you have killed in affording us a generous assistance, I invite you to accompany us.'"

"Stimulated by an eager desire to see the young lady who had taken Don Garcia's arm, I accepted the offer. But, Signor, how can I express my admiration and my confusion, when the lady lifting up her veil, displayed to my dazzled sight, features of the most resplendent beauty? No, nothing can compare with Isabella's charms! her enchanting grace the elegance of—"

Here Mendoza, as is usual with lovers, was about to draw his mistress' portrait, when looking at the Hunchback, he him saw endeavouring to conceal a smile, and I have already said the Hunchback's smile had something strange about it, which sadly disconcerted Mendoza. After a moment's pause which he feigned to employ in coughing, he continued his story as follows:

"On my return home I concealed nothing that had happened from my father, and I had no difficulty in making him favourable to the violent passion with which Inezilla had inspired me. In short, Signor, Don Garcia had permitted me to visit him at times during his stay at Toledo; I had drawn from Inezilla a con-

fession which overwhelmed me with joy, and my father was about to ask of Don Garcia his daughter's hand for me, when that officer was suddenly obliged to leave Toledo, to return to his government.

"I soon followed him to Merida. But, Signor, would you believe it? neither the recollection of the service I had rendered him, nor the violence of my passion, nor the tears of Inezilla, would make him consent to our union." "Inezilla is necessary to my old age," said he to me, "I cannot exist without her." "Very well!" exclaimed I, "I am rich, come and live with me, and your daughter at Toledo." "What! give up the honorable post the king has entrusted to me?" answered the cruel old man, "and place myself at the mercy of a son-in-law! No! Mendoza never! the idea is not to be borne." The next day I wished to renew my request, but the ingrate refused to see me, and I returned to Toledo cursing my fatal love and the disgusting selfishness of Don Garcia, when you so kindly rescued me from the disagreeable dilemma into which the knavery of my servant had thrown me."

"Signor Mendoza," said Count Ribeira, "I am not like most old men, who know not how to sympathize with youth because they have themselves ceased to be young. Your sorrows whether real or imaginary, are keenly felt. You are unhappy, young man, of that there can be no doubt, but time will soothe, and did I not fear of being accused of blasphemy by you I would add, will soon cure your afflictions."

"Let not your grief however make you unjust. You accuse Don Garcia of selfishness: are you less selfish than him, when you desire an old man to deprive himself of a beloved daughter at the expense of his happiness, to give her to a stranger, whose attentions have inspired that daughter with a passion he disapproves of? have you not abused the laws of hospitality? Have you not betrayed the confidence he reposed in you?—but let not this charge of egotism afflict you. It is an instinct which nature has placed in every man's heart. Man acts for himself alone; if he does good it is because divine wisdom has given him a conscience to feel remorse, and that internal and sublime joy the reward of a good action. Examine the most hideous vices, as well as the most heroic virtues: they take their source in egotism."

A wish to be grateful, or at least polite towards Don Alvares had been unable to draw Mendoza from his sorrowful meditations, but no longer had he heard a mode of reasoning advanced, to which he could not assent than he prepared to attack it: so natural is the spirit of contradiction to man!

"But Signor," cried he, "such a paradox is not even specious! how can you possibly attribute love and friendship those affections which render the most painful sacrifices possible—benevolence, ready to deprive itself of the necessities of life, and to risk existence to succour the unfortunate; glory to which we immolate our repose, our riches, our happiness, our lives—how, I ask, can you attribute these to selfishness?"

"Love? love," cried Alvares growing warm, "is there anything more egotistical than that madness? do we not exact from the beloved object a sacrifice of every other affection? do we not feel an involuntary shudder of rage and terror if another but look at the person we love? Friendship? it is the desire to fill up the void that follows us every where, to get rid of the secret eunui which we inherit from nature that forces us to seek the society of men without which we would become wild and isolated. If we are benevolent it is to taste the pleasure attached to the exercise of that virtue; lastly strip glory of its dazzling rays, and what remains?—vanity."

"What a shocking system," exclaimed Mendoza; "it dries up, it withers the soul and degrades the dignity of man. Ah! my heart can never subscribe to it; it is too odious to be true."

"Such is man," resumed Don Alvares, "we open his eyes, and he complains that the light hurts him, and that he no longer finds the imaginary charm in objects with which, during his blindness he had been pleased to clothe them. Signor Mendoza," added he in a melancholy tone, and leading him to the window; "your illusions will not be long in dissipating and the world will present itself to you like this field now lighted up by the moon. In the spring the foliage concealed the hideous quagmires and masses of

naked rocks; the melodious strains of the nightingale charmed the listening ear, and the shepherds came to dance on the green to the sound of the guitar and singing merrily. Now winter has come; the fields are deserted; no more birds, no more songs, no more joyous fandangos! and the blackened and naked limbs of the trees allow the eye to plunge into horrible precipices, or to dwell with affright upon bleak and sterile masses."

"Young and inexperienced, you refuse to believe the sad truths I have revealed to you. As for me, I have almost finished my career, and it is the result of sixty years of reflection and suffering with which I have made you acquainted. I wish also to make known to you the story of my life, and after you have heard it you will say with me that the actuating motive of man's actions is a vile selfishness."

Saying these words, Don Alvares quitted Mendoza without giving him time to reply. Perhaps the latter was not sorry for it; for after all we don't much like to differ with a rich nobleman who receives us into his house, admits us to his table, generously lends us his purse, and is besides a commander of the knights of Calatrava. As my learned friend Doctor Geronimo Valerio said, with much appearance of reason, "Such a personage cannot be altogether wrong."

## EXTRAORDINARY EVENT.

Presentation of a Cheese—interesting ceremonies—historical details—Speeches, &c. &c.

It may be recollected by a few of our readers, that sometime in February last, while frozen out of all intercourse with the continental world, we noticed the unprovoked promise of an old and valued friend, Thomas G. Woodward, Esq. of the New Haven Herald, to send us in our 'retiracy,' a 'Goshen Cheese' once a year—that, as he expressed himself, 'in chewing the cud of sweet and bitter reflections, we might remember him as often.'

As chroniclers of the times, it now becomes our duty to announce the safe arrival of that rich and ponderous donation, and to detail the history of its presentation and reception. We shall certainly be pardoned for making a considerable circumstance out of an occurrence unparalleled in the history of typographical friendships: for what generation of kindness ever before witnessed a gift of this description, from one newspaper editor to another? Truly an incident so rare demands especial celebration. Wherefore then, shall it not be trumpeted through the horn of fame, to the ends of the land, and the ears of posterity?

In the New-Haven Herald of the 18th ultimo, amidst the marine news, we discovered the following:

"Sailed, Schr. Frank, Wiley, Boston."—"Shipped in good order and well conditioned, on board the good schr. Frank, Wiley master, now in the port of New Haven, and bound for Boston, one box, mark and directed as follows:

Samuel H. Jenks, Esq.

[from T. W. G.] Nantucket.

to be reshipped at Boston, &c.

After a prosperous voyage, the 'good schr. Frank' arrived in due time at the port of Boston. Her advent was registered in the city prints, thus: "Ar. schr. Frank, Wiley, New Haven, with a cheese for S. H. Jenks, Esq. Nantucket." These flattering notices in the metropolitan journals, and the titulary honors appended to the name of the consignee, shewed that the affair was one of no ordinary nature. The precious freight was unladen, and reshipped according to order: with what military or civic ceremonies there is, as yet, no recorded narrative: but having twice doubled 'the stormy Cape Cod,' it was triumphantly borne to its destination per schooner Geo. Washington, landed at the new and spacious pier called Commercial Wharf, on Saturday last, the first of June, hoisted into the green painted calash of Esquird Parker, and delivered, 'without any accident to mar the occasion,' at our mansion house up town, accompanied with the annexed address, set down and ordained by the donor, to be said or sung in the premises:

"Friend Samuel, here's the Cheese!"

At the close of this thrilling proclamation, the rotund package, by means of suitable machinery, was swung into the outer hall—whereupon the assembled household, including a dozen urchins from the age of a dozen years down to that of a dozen months, with one accord shouted—

"Is that the Cheese?"

After certain flourishes of knives, pincers, claw-hammers, screw-drivers and shingling-hatchets, the circumlateral casing was partially removed, revealing within its oaken confines the gorgeous object of numerous waiting optics. Upon its surface there appeared a label, whereupon were inscribed the manufacturer's place of residence, &c. Here was the speechifying moment—the provocatives of eloquence were upon us—the carving knife in our right hand magnified itself into a field-marshal's sabre—the cheese lay temptingly recumbent—we thought of the hero of Falstaff—"the world is mine oyster"—and forthwith commenced the sacrifice. Taking up a segment of the unctuous offering, our lips incontinently opened—the inspiration was irresistible—up flew the floodgate of rhetoric, and out flowed words to this effect:

"When the illustrious Jefferson was complimented, by the patriotic democrats of a certain New England community, with a luscious gift like that before us, there was a vast display of national interest in the affair—much pomp and parade attended its conveyance to the seat of government—and its reception was immortalized by the printed and proclaimed acknowledgements of the Sage of Monticello. Such is the custom on all similar occasions. The cheese present is a meet present for any sage—and would command a speech even from an Osear—[Hear! hear!] and [taking a mouthful] though not a sage cheese, still it is most savoury and mature ["Let's try it," from the auditory.] Try it, my lads and lasses, even to toasting: for, being all of us descendants from Ap Shenkin of Wales, we have an hereditary hankering after such dainties—and having tasted the obligation, remember also to toast the donor, ever drinking, with whatsoever ye shall wash it down, "to his health, prosperity, and long life."

"The incident which we now celebrate, constitutes a striking item in our family annals, of which we should be specially proud—[another mouthful] and through which like many distinguished recipients of similar largesses, by dint of published speechment, we may peradventure acquire particular glorification. There have been splendid donations to men in office, not only of cheese, but of calf-hide boots, and snuff boxes full of city freedom—the which are always intended forcibly to illustrate the republican maxim, 'measures, not men.' But the rarity of an occurrence like this, [a nibble] elicits a far deeper measure of admiration. [A full bite.] We have no office but a publishing office—no bounties to bestow in return. True, had the giver accompanied the gift, he should have been greeted, as we proposed in the outset, with one of our indigenous banquets—a lamprey collop, or a conger soup; and while our motto would be 'Cheese, not Chowder,' his might be the reverse. [Applause.] His presence with his present would have been doubly grateful. [Cries of bravo! attended with loud smacking.]

"A moral may be drawn from almost any object in nature, or circumstance in life. The lacteous and oleose compound upon which we are feasting, contains within itself much food for mental as well as dental rumination. [A tenth mouthful.] There are many odd conceits, and quaint whimsies, that here intrude themselves: but were they all indulged, others might say of us, that our mind contained more maggots than the cheese can ever produce, *per se*, should it live to twice our age. Imagination must be checked, lest we runnel into mere rhapsody; and the apparition of the cheese vat admonishes us that time presses: wherefore, a word of exhortation shall close our homily. [Hear.]

"Hereafter, by a proper application of the phenomenon under discussion, we may recur to the subject with pleasurable emotions. In contemplating the image of this magnificent cheese, we may feel in fancy the cheering influence of that luminary which it resembles—and experience the truth that no path in life is too cold or obscure to be warmed and illuminated by the sun of friendship. As years roll by, and the rich flavour of the grateful viand shall have melted from the palate's cognizance—when taste grows mouldy, and mity memory itself becomes old and curdled—still shall that sunshine irradiate our declining walks: though the orb itself be absent, and the moon gone down, and 'those that look out of the window be darkened'—a mellow light shall reach us, like that of hosts of far-off planets in the night's dread noon—the reflection of the milky-way." Nantucket Eng.



TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.  
(Continued.)

Our last extract concluded by leaving Pegtop, Mr. Bang's servant, quite amazed at the scene he was witnessing, while his master and Capt. Cringle were at table with their black entertainers at Hayti. He had just been called on to hand Mr. Cringle some yam, but stood confounded and motionless.

"Pegtop, you scoundrel," quoth Massa Aaron, "don't you hear what Captain Cringle says, sir?"

"Oh yes, Massa," and thereupon the sly valet brought me a bottle of fish sauce, which he endeavoured to pour into my wine-glass. All this while Eugenie and the aide-de-camp were playing the agreeable—and in very good taste, too, let me tell you.

I had just drank wine with mine host, when I cast my eye along the passage that led out of the room, and there was Pegtop dancing and jumping, and smiting his thigh, in an ecstasy of laughter, as he doubled himself up, with the tears welling over his cheeks.

"Oh Lord! Oh!—Massa Bang bow, and make face, and drink wine, and do every ting shivel, to one black rascal nigger!—Oh, blackee more worse dan me, Gabriel Pegtop—Oh, Lord!—ha! ha! ha!"—Thereupon he threw himself down in the piazza, amongst plates and dishes, and shouted and laughed in a perfect frenzy, until Mr. Bang got up, and thrust the poor fellow out of doors, in a pelting shower, which soon so far quelled the hysterical passion, that he came in again, grave as a judge, and took his place behind his master's chair once more, and every thing went on smoothly. The aide-de-camp, who appeared quite unconscious that he was the cause of the poor fellow's mirth, renewed his attentions to Eugenie; and Mr. Bang, M. B.—, and myself, were again engaged in conversation, and our friend Pegtop was in the act of handing a slice of melon to the black officer, when a file of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, stepped into the piazza, and ordered arms, one taking up his station on each side of the door. Presently another aide-de-camp, booted and spurred, dashed after them; and as soon as he crossed the threshold, sung out, "Place, pour Monsieur le Baron."

The electrical nerve was again touched—"Oh!—oh!—oh!—here comes another on dem," roared Pegtop, sticking the slice of melon, which was intended for *Mademoiselle Eugenie*, into his own mouth, to quell the paroxysm, if possible, (while he fractured the plate on the black aide's skull,) and immediately blew it out again, with an explosion, and a scattering of the fragments, as if it had been the blasting of a stone quarry.

"Zounds, this is too much,"—exclaimed Bang, as he rose and kicked the poor fellow out again, with such vehemence, that his skull, encountering the punch of our friend the Baron, who was entering from the street at that instant, capsize him outright, and away rolled his Excellency the General de Division, Commandant de l'Arondissement, &c. &c., digging his spurs into poor Pegtop's transom, and sundering furiously, while the black servant roared as if he had been harpooned by the very devil. The aides started to their feet—and one of them looked at Mr. Bang, and touched the hilt of his sword, grinding the word "satisfaction," between his teeth, while the other ordered the sentries to run the poor fellow, whose mirth had been so uproarious, through. However he got off with one or two *proques* in a very safe place; and when Monsieur B.— explained how matters stood, and that the "pauvre diable," as the Baron coolly called him, was a mere servant, and an uncultivated creature, and that no insult was meant, we had all a hearty laugh, and every thing rolled right again. At length the Baron and his black tail rose to wish us a good evening, and we were thinking of finishing off with a cigar and a glass of cold grog, when Monsieur B.—'s daughter returned into the piazza, very pale, and evidently much frightened. "Mon Pere," said she, while her voice quavered from excessive agitation—"My father—why do the soldiers remain?"

We all peered into the dark passage, and there, true enough, were the black sentries at their posts beside the doorway, still and motionless as statues. Monsieur B.—, poor fellow, fell back in his chair at the sight as if he had been shot through the heart.

"My fate is sealed—I am lost—oh, Eugenie!" were the only words he could utter.

"No no," exclaimed the weeping girl, "God forbid—the Baron is a kind-hearted man—King Henry cannot—no, no—he knows you are not disaffected, he will not injure you."

Here one of the black aides-de-camp suddenly returned. It was the poor fellow who had been making love to Eugenie during the entertainment. He looked absolutely blue with dismay; his voice shook, and his knees knocked together as he approached our host.

He tried to speak, but could not. "Oh, Pierre, Pierre," moaned, or rather gasped Eugenie—"what have you come to communicate? what dreadful news are you the bearer of?" He held out an open letter to poor B.—, who unable to read it from excessive agitation, handed it to me. It ran thus:—

"Monsieur Le Baron,

Monsieur—has been arrested here this morning; he is a white Frenchman, and there are strong suspicions against him. Place his partner M. B.— under the surveillance of the police instantly. You are made answerable for his safe custody.

Witness his Majesty's hand and seal, at Sans Souci, this

The Count—

"Then I am doomed," groaned poor Mr. B.—. His daughter fainted, the black officer wept, and having laid his senseless mistress on a sofa, he approached and wrung B.—'s hand. "Alas, my dear sir—how

my heart bleeds! But cheer up—King Henry is just—all may be right—all may still be right; and so far as my duty to him will allow, you may count on nothing being done here that is not absolutely necessary for holding ourselves blameless with the Government."

Enough and to spare of this. We slept on shore that night, and a very neat catastrophe was likely to have ensued thereupon. Captain N.—, intending to go on board the ship at daybreak, had got up and dressed himself, and opened the door into the street to let himself out, when he stumbled unwittingly against the black sentry, who must have been half asleep, for he immediately stepped several paces back, and presenting his musket, the clear barrel glancing in the moonlight, snapped it at him. Fortunately it missed fire, which gave the skipper time to explain that it was not Mr. B.— attempting to escape; but that day week poor B.— was marched to the prison of La Force, near Cape Henry, where his partner had been previously lodged; and from that hour to this, neither of them were ever heard of. Next evening I again went ashore, but I was denied admittance to Mr. B.—; and as my orders were imperative not to interfere in any way, I had to return on board with a heavy heart.

## ADDITIONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY THE LATE MR. KEEPER.

We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers some fresh records of the life of one to whose exertions many of the living, and still more of the dead, have been indebted for some of the gladder moments which their social existence has known. After the publication, in 1836, of the two volumes of his "Recollections," the veteran dramatist was instigated, on hearing them read over to him by his daughter, to call forth from the stores of his memory several anecdotes and traits of character which had not suggested themselves during the composition of the work. These were penned down at his dictation by the hand of the same affectionate assistant, and are here offered as the gleanings of that field whose harvest has previously created so much enjoyment. As they consist of detached remembrances, we give them under separate heads, as follows:—

## A Desperate Humorist.

Tom Ecclin was a gentleman not over rich, but noted in Dublin for out-of-the-way conduct and humour, and most extravagant oddity of behaviour. He was called the "facetious Tom Ecclin." One day walking over the Essex Bridge, he went up to a lady who was quite a stranger to him, and told her he had been her admirer many years, at the same time imploring her pity and her favourable regard to his addresses. The lady, astonished and hurt at his audacity, scarcely answered him, and walked on in her way from Essex-st. to Capel-st. He got before her, and again facing her, said that she was the most beautiful of angels, that life to him was nothing if attended with her indifference, &c. The lady still walked on, and he kept close to her side. "Well, then," said he, "cruel fair one! you are resolved to see me perish—and you shall—and I will." With these words he took a spring, jumped upon the balustrade of the bridge, and leaped into the Liffey! Of course the lady screamed, and a crowd gathered, and all was consternation. It was some time before the intelligence was obtained that he had safely swam in his clothes to the slip at the Bachelor's Walk.

The above circumstance was the subject of much wonderment for a few days. Some time after, there was a grand city dinner at a tavern called the Rose and Bottle, in Dame-street. The mayor, sheriffs, aldermen, common-council-men, and so forth, met in confederate conviviality. One of the company was Alderman Stankey, who had served most of the city offices with rectitude and credit, but was of a grave and rigorous cast of mind. At the table was also an opulent citizen, not over brilliant in ideas, who generally took a wrong end of every rumour that might be afloat. Having heard of the above adventure of the facetious Tom Ecclin and the lady, he got it into his wise head that it was Alderman Stankey who had performed this ridiculous exploit. After the cloth was removed, when all was sober hilarity, and pleasant decorum, as expedient at a civic dinner, this heavy-brained guest turned to the alderman, and said, "Alderman Stankey, what made you jump off Essex Bridge and swim to the Bachelor's Walk? Ah, the lady! True, but what made you do so?"

"Sir," said the alderman, gravely, "I never jumped off Essex Bridge."

"Oh! didn't you? I heard you did."

And still, at the second, third, and fourth circulation of the bottle, the worthy cit would turn to him again, and say, in a loud voice,

"But, Alderman, what the d—! could possess you to jump off Essex Bridge in your clothes, and swim to the Bachelor's Walk?"

This question, repeated every five minutes, greatly annoyed the alderman; nor could the other be convinced of his error, until one of the company luckily cast an eye upon Forrester's print over the mantel-piece. He took it down, and showed it to the citizen, and read under it "The facetious Tom Ecclin."

"Ah, true! it was Tom that jumped off the bridge. I recollect now, Alderman Stankey, it was not you that swam in your clothes to the Bachelor's Walk!"

## Early Introduction.

When my brother Daniel was brought home to Dublin from Mullingar (where he had resided from his infancy,) I was a child in frocks (or rackets, as we called them then,) and he in boy's clothes—a light long surtout coat, and three cocked hat. I was s

tout and proud of him that I got into a fancy of introducing him to everybody, whether I knew them or not. To do this, I thumped and knocked with my little fists and knuckles at people's doors till they were opened, and then I would say to them, although perfect strangers to both of us, "This is my brother Dan!" The doors were often shut in our faces.

## A Human Warbler.

In the year 1799 one of our associates, about twelve years of age, of the name of Bourke, was a kind of idol for his fine voice and exquisite taste in music. He had an evening custom (like the Paris "Rossignol") of climbing up into one of the high trees in the Beau Walk on Stephen's Green, there to sit and sing. His melodious doings attracted the company to that spot. The sole motive with this boy was the pleasure he gave his hearers.

## Forrester, the Irish Artist.

Forrester took a fancy to make etchings of the singular characters in Dublin, for which each person sat to him. There was "the facetious Tom Ecclin," "Mill Cusheen," distinguished for a form not like any body else in the world, "Bryan the Fool," an idiot with a curly head, who used to walk through the streets in a long coat, with a belt buckled round him. There was also "Garretty Whistle," dressed in a fantastic manner, who went about the town beating a little drum, and wearing sundry feathers all round his hat, and "Peg of England," a large bulky woman, clean, and smartly dressed, but without a bonnet; she went from door to door, not begging, but talking to people, and making them talk to her, and "Blind Daniel the Piper," whose mode was to play on his pipes until he gathered a crowd around him, and then to stop in the middle of the tune, saying, "Enough for nothing," the words of this broad hint were engraved underneath his portrait. All these etchings displayed marked genius.

Another of the individuals who afforded exercise to Forrester's talent was Father Murphy, a priest of exemplary character, who died in my childhood. He was a fine preacher, and in the dreadful riots between the "Liberty" and "Ormond" parties, when even the military were unable to quell these desperadoes, Father Murphy (like Hersilia with the Romans and Sabines) would step forth between the ferocious bands, calm and undaunted. When his presence had made all silent, he addressed them with a few words of eloquence, and immediately the combatants dispersed their several ways—the "Ormond" party back over the bridge to Ormond market and its precincts, and the "Liberty" faction up across Thomas-street to their looms and habits of industry. In those horrid conflicts some lives were lost.

When Father Murphy died, Forrester made a cast from his face, and also drew a fine likeness of him, which he engraved. It represented him dressed in his white surplice and scapulary. The face was rather large and full, with dark eyebrows, and wig. All the above characteristic portraits by Forrester were whole-lengths, except this of Father Murphy, and none of them were caricatures. This ingenious artist was sent by the Dublin Society to study at Rome, where I suppose, he died, for I never heard of him since.

## The Ruling Passion strong in "Youth."

In my juvenile days some one gave me a note to Digges the actor, that he might put me in to see the play. I was brought through the dark lobbies, and up and down many stairs and windings, to his dressing-room, where I found him preparing himself for his part that night of Young Norval. There were six large wax candles burning before him, and two dressers in attendance. I was struck with awe, almost to veneration. After suffering me for a sufficient time to stare at him with astonishment, he said "Take the child to the slips!" and I was led through the carpenter's gallery, the cloudings and thunder-boxes, and placed in a good seat, where I saw the play with great delight.

A few evenings afterwards, I was resolved to see another play. Being acquainted with a youth who was one of the band, and apprentice to Mountain, my grand object was to get to sit by him in the orchestra, and see the opera. Intent on this, I thrust my hat into my pocket, and rushed in from the street at the stage-door, where old Tasse kept the hatch-door, with spikes on it. "What the plague is the boy at?" he cried, as I dashed past him up the stairs. I then ran down again, got under the stage, and hid in the sedan chair kept there for "High Life below Stairs." My purpose was to sit snug till the going-up of the curtain, and then to join my young friend in the orchestra. One of the scene-men, however, discovered me, and turned me out of the house, just before the curtain went up. This was a sad disappointment; but many a night afterwards did I sit in the orchestra to see a play, through the kindness of the band, who were told of the above adventure, and some of whom lived long enough to move an elbow to Darby's serenade of "Good morrow to your night-cap!" and Dermott's "Sleep on, sleep on!" in my own "Poor Soldier." I had also the satisfaction of procuring for more than two or three of them engagements among the band at Covent-Garden Theatre, through my influence with Mr. Thomas Harris.

## An Offence to Doctorial Dignity.

It was the custom in my youth for all medical people, old and young, to wear very large well-powdered wigs. A schoolfellow of mine, Loftus (Loftus) Dempsey, at Father Austin's, was, when about fourteen years of age, consigned as pupil to a very eminent surgeon. I had not seen young Loftus for some time, until I met him accidentally in Chequer-lane. I spoke

to him in my way, as my friend and fellow-student jovially, and in high glee. He, in his way (or rather in that of his new profession,) just gave me a nudge under his be-wigged head, and was passing me, as I thought, very proudly.

He was dressed in a full suit of black, with large cuffs, and deep skirts to the waistcoat, gray silk stockings with white clocks, long-quartered shoes, and large cut-polished steel buckles, inlaid with gold, and face ruffles to the last joint of his fingers—while his enormous powdered wig, frizzed and raised up high behind, showed his poll uncovered, except the shining paste stock-buckle, and his very big three-cocked hat, coming down upon his left brow.

Thus caparisoned, young Loftus Dempsey paced on with the gravity of professional consequence. Nettled at his superciliousness, I forthwith took three steps after him, seized his wig by the friz, snatched it off, and threw it over the hatch-door of a little hatter's shop. He was confounded with shame and vexation, for there he stood, in full view of all the smiling passers-by, with his closely-shaven bald head at the shop-door, calling to the little old woman within to hand him out his wig.

As he was much older and taller than myself, I ran away in full laughter towards Grafton-street, lest his anger should give his surgical skill a new job.

## A Terrific Joke.

I was one day, when a boy, at the Anatomical Theatre in Dublin, with a party of young friends, pupils to surgeons. Whilst I was gazing about, absorbed in wonder and curiosity, they, in their wagery, contrived to slip out, one by one, and leave me alone in the middle of the room. Anon, I heard a rattling sort of noise close at my ear. I turned round, and there, at my elbow, stood a complete full-grown skeleton, nodding his head, shaking his bones, and grinning at me! He had descended from his usual place (that part of the roof immediately over the centre of the room,) by means of a cord and pulley, through which appliances he could be occasionally let down so as to stand upon the floor.

## Mossop and the Call-Boy.

In most affairs of life where the duty of station is expected, the descending to pleasantries with ignorant subordinates is a hazardous practice. One night in the green-room, while Mossop stood talking to some of the other performers, with his back to the fire, and himself dressed in full puff as Cardinal Wolsey, with rich crimson satin robe, lace apron, and cardinal's hat, the call-boy, in the course of his duty, came to the door, and after first looking at the paper he had in his hand for the names he had to call, said aloud, as was proper, "Mr. Mossop!"—"Gone up the chimney," was the thoughtless answer of the great actor and manager. "Glad of it, sir," was the pert reply of the call-boy, who went his way immediately. Mossop, with whom it was at that time a point of strong expediency to maintain his dignity and keep on the stilts, was suddenly struck with confusion at his imprudence. He turned away from the half-averted looks of the vexed performers, and inwardly censured himself for thus absurdly lowering his own importance.

## Woodward as Harlequin.

Woodward, besides being so fine a comedian, was excellent in Harlequin. In one of the pantomimes he had a scene in which he acted as if eating different kinds of fruit. Soft music was played; he came on—sat at a table (on which there was placed nothing), and made pretence of taking up the stalk of a bunch of currents. Then, holding high his hand with the points of finger and thumb compressed, he seemed to shake the stalk, and to strip off the currents with his mouth. In like manner he would appear to hold up a cherry by the stalk, and, after eating it, to spurt the stone from his lips. Eating a gooseberry, paring an apple, sucking an orange or peach, all were simulated in the same marvellous fashion. In short, the audience perfectly knew what fruit he seemed to be eating by the highly ingenious deception of his acting.

Woodward's chief excellence lay in his attitudes, which he adapted to the music, according to the vicissitudes demanded by the various passions represented. Hence he was called the "Attitude Harlequin." There was always another Harlequin for jumping through walls and windows, and such matters of routine. One night by some blunder, the two Harlequins met each other full in the centre of the stage, which set the audience in a clamour of laughter.

Smock Alley, the rival theatre, availed itself of this mistake in a comedy where one of the characters was made to say to another,—"Ha! we meet here like two Harlequins on Crow-street stage!"

This reminds me of another odd trifling. A stupid kind of actor, being in a room where by accident the light was extinguished, came out with the would-be brilliancy of—"Hey! we're now all of a colour, like Harlequin's jacket!"—N. M. Mag.

## THE GLASGOW NEWSPAPER PRESS.

"The Glasgow papers are not so numerous as those of Edinburgh; only two, the 'Chronicle' and 'Courier,' are published thrice a week. The 'Chronicle' was started about twenty years since. It commenced with an extended proprietary, and in the outset espoused the most liberal views in politics. Mr. Prestice, who is still editor, and a large proprietor, was then entrusted with the conduct of the 'Chronicle,' but Mr. Douglas, then a contributor to the 'Edinburgh Review,' and one of the late unsuccessful candidates for the city of Glasgow, wrote largely in it in fact, Mr. Douglas may be said to have been the principal originator of the 'Chronicle.' It is one of the fairest and most independent papers in the whole



range of the British newspaper press. Its columns are, and always have been, open to both sides of a question where the discussions are temperate. The celebrated controversy on the points in dispute between Catholics and Protestants, which led to the publication of the late Mr. McGavin's 'Protestant,' a work in four vols., originated, and was for some time carried on, in the columns of the 'Chronicle.' It has suffered greatly in a pecuniary point of view, from its straightforwardness. A good many years ago, the West India interest in Glasgow signed a round robin, declaring they would no more advertise in it, because of its zealous espousal of immediate emancipation. By this means alone its profits were lessened to the extent of three pounds per week. It is still as honest and uncompromising as ever.

The 'Courier' is of greater antiquity than the 'Chronicle.' Mr. McQueen, the well-known advocate of the West India planters, and the strenuous and able supporter of their rights, was for many years editor as well as chief proprietor. He is still one of the principal proprietors, but having some time since had occasion to repair to the colonies, he was succeeded as editor by Mr. Motherwell, formerly editor of the 'Paisley Advertiser.' Mr. Motherwell, though he does not write so copiously on the subject of slavery as his predecessor, is an equally zealous anti-abolitionist. The paper is almost exclusively read by the West India interest, who have repeatedly voted Mr. McQueen considerable sums of money (on one occasion as much as a thousand pounds) for his advocacy of their views. The circulation of the 'Courier' is extremely limited, but it pays well, owing to the number of its advertisements.

Of the Glasgow twice-a-week papers there are five—the 'Herald,' the 'Scots Times,' the 'Free Press,' the 'Scottish Guardian,' and the 'Argus.' The 'Herald' has by far the largest circulation, and by far the greatest number of advertisements of any of the Glasgow journals. It is conducted by Mr. Samuel Hunter, who is also principal proprietor. Its political articles are few and short. For a long time it steered a middle course between the extremes of Toryism and Whiggism, as if anxious not to offend either of the parties; but when the Reform Bill was brought forward, it took a decided part against that measure. The consequence was, the loss of nearly one-fourth of its subscribers. Since the interest, however, in the measure of reform have comparatively ceased, it has regained a great portion of its former supporters. We have said that the original articles on political topics which appear in the 'Herald' are few and brief—it is but fair to add, that they are written with a great deal of point, often in a happy vein of satire.

The 'Scots Times,' though now published twice a week, was originally, and for several years, published only once a week. Mr. Malcolm and Mr. Kerr are the proprietors. Mr. M. is the ostensible editor, but Mr. K. writes a good many of the articles. The 'Scots Times' first brought itself into notice by its bold exposure of the abuses connected with the municipal management of the city. Of late, however, it has fallen off in circulation. Its politics are decidedly liberal.

The 'Free Press' was started some ten or twelve years ago. Its first editor was Mr. Northhouse. It was very successful in the outset, and is still understood to be a profitable concern. Mr. N. quitted the 'Free Press' in 1826, and proceeded to London, where he started a paper under the name of the 'London Free Press'; but the latter journal only existed a few months. Mr. Bennet, the present editor, and now sole proprietor, succeeded Mr. Northhouse in the management of the 'Glasgow Free Press.' Mr. Bennet is favourably known as the editor of a magazine which goes under his name, and also as the author of 'Traits and Stories in the Scottish Character,' a work partly of fiction, partly of fact, published some years since in three volumes. The politics of the 'Free Press' are of the Radical school. It is a popular journal, and has an extensive, and we believe an increasing circulation.

The 'Scottish Guardian' was established some eight or nine months since. It is what is called a religious newspaper. The avowed object for which it was established was to aid in the abolition of church patronage, but yet to uphold the church of Scotland as the established religion of that country. Its circulation is extremely limited, and its advertisements are few indeed. In short, it is a losing concern, and must have been discontinued before now, but for subscriptions raised to support it by those who hold opinions in church matters similar to those advocated in its columns. It is conducted by a licentiate of the church of Scotland, and certainly displays considerable ability.

The 'Argus' was only set on foot about two months ago. It has a very extended proprietary; but Mr. Oswald, one of the members for Glasgow, is understood to be by far the largest shareholder. In fact, it is believed that it was chiefly for the purpose of advocating his views that it was started. Its politics are those of liberal Whiggism. Mr. Weir, an Edinburgh advocate, and the gentleman who for some time conducted the 'Edinburgh Literary Journal,' is editor of the 'Argus.' It is incomparably the best printed paper in either Glasgow or Edinburgh.

Of Glasgow weekly papers there are three—the 'Journal,' the 'Post,' and the 'Liberator.' The 'Journal' is the oldest of the Glasgow papers, having been established for nearly a century. It is printed at the same establishment, and belongs to the same proprietors, as the 'Chronicle.' A few months since, it was joined with the 'Post,' a paper published on

Saturday, and belonging to the same individuals as the 'Journal.' The proprietors, however, after a few weeks' experience, were obliged to sever the connection and resume the publication of the 'Journal,' as a separate work, on the Thursdays. The fact was, that the 'Journal' being read principally by the Covenanters of the west of Scotland, it was found that their religious scruples would not suffer them to read the 'Post,' as it reached them on Sunday. The politics both of the 'Journal' and 'Post,' being papers under the same management as the 'Chronicle,' are of necessity of the same complexion as those of the latter journal.

The other Glasgow weekly paper is the 'Liberator.' As its name imports, its principles are those of extreme Radicalism. It is only a few months since it was established. It rose, phoenix-like, from the ashes of the 'Trades Advocate,' a paper which, as the name denotes, belonged to the working classes, and was devoted to the advocacy of their views. Mr. Warden was editor of the first journal, which only lasted about a year: we do not know the name of the individual who conducts the 'Liberator,' but understand he is one of the Trades themselves.

The Edinburgh and Glasgow press, taken as a whole, displays more talent than the newspaper press of any other part of the country, London excepted. Of all the journals we have mentioned, there are only four that espouse Tory principles; a fact which is pretty indicative of the prevalence of liberal opinions in Scotland. The average circulation of the Edinburgh and Glasgow papers is certainly under one thousand; while in London, we should think it cannot be less than five thousand. This fact may, at first sight, seem to constitute a proof that the Scotch are not so reading a people as the English. Such, however, is not the case: the great difference between the two nations consists in this, that while every 'Londoner' who can afford it has his paper to himself, the inhabitants of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and other parts of Scotland, club together, generally to the number of eight or ten, and take out a paper among them. The Scotch, in a word, read newspapers as extensively as the English, only they read them much more economically."

#### RURALIZING.

The English "Comic Magazine" devotes a short poem to "ridiculing the Cockney passion for rural scenery in the outskirts of London—say Primrose Hill—where itinerant vendors of sundry wares are so apt to interrupt the musings of the sentimentalist." Other citizens may find entertainment in the picture:

"How beautiful to stand upon the hill,  
And look with placid rapture to the skies,  
Letting the chaste d'ne soul bubble its fill  
Of—Here, my customers, my nice hot pies?"  
Here Meditation, with its gentle voice,  
Upon the mother's spirit blandly calls,  
And offers into each child's heart the choice  
Of—Now then, four a-penny brandy-balls!  
While raised above the city's noise, you spurn  
Its mean contentions—feeling you defy them;  
Your breast is full of higher thoughts! ah, learn  
In time to—"Crack and try before you buy them!"  
Ah, yes! this rural and exalted spot  
Each holier feeling, with a sigh, calls  
Back on your mind; the world seems half forgot,  
As if some saint were present—"Fine St. Michael's!"  
Each turbid passion, hate, revenge, and spleen,  
Subside at once; for anger lives not here,  
But dies amid the glories of the scene,  
And soon lies buried with the—"Ginger beer!"  
Yet melancholy though the scene inspires,  
Still animated feelings twill produce;  
And oft such meditation nobly fires  
The breast with vital feelings—"Spruce, O, spruce!"  
But now the shades of eve come on apace,  
And in the plain below the sheep-bell tinkles;  
Night draws the veil o'er nature's beautiful face,  
Not seeks his ocean-bed of—"Periwinkles!"

#### THE DEAD ALIVE.

It was necessary last week to break off the strange story of Count Chabert somewhat abruptly; the narrative is so continuous, that a better point of division was not to be found, and its length precluded the insertion of the entire chapter. In adding the remainder, we must refer to the closing paragraph given last week. Col. Chabert had just related, in imperfect expressions, his ardent wish to be permitted to re-visit Paris, and his ceasing to claim his personal identity, that he might no longer be confined as a madman—

"At this broken phrase the colonel fell into a profound reverie, of which M. Derville respected the mystery. 'One fine spring morning they let me out with ten dollars, under the plea of my talking very sensibly upon all subjects, and that I no longer pretended to be Colonel Chabert. Indeed at that time, as on some occasions since, my name has sounded very disagreeably to me. I wished not to be myself. If my malady had deprived me of all recollection of my past existence, I should have deemed myself happy! The consciousness of my rights kills me. . . . I would have entered the service again, under some other name; and who knows but I might have become a field-marshal?"

"Sir," interrupted the advocate, "you confuse all my ideas. I fancy I dream when listening to you. Pray let us pause awhile." "You are," said the colonel, with a melancholy air, "the first person who has listened to me with much patience. You are not quite incredulous. . . . Not a lawyer I have spoken to would advance me ten Napoleons to obtain from Ger-

many the documents necessary for the institution of my process."

"What process?" said the solicitor, who had forgotten every thing.  
"How, sir! the Countess Ferraud is my wife, and enjoys 30,000 francs a year, which belongs to me! When I talk of this to attorneys, or to reasonable people, and propose to plead against the certificate of my death, a certificate of marriage, and a certificate of baptism. . . . they laugh at me. I have been buried under the dead, now I am buried under the living—under law papers, under facts, under the whole mass of society, which tries to drive me under ground again. God help me! 'Have the goodness to go on sir, now.' 'Have the goodness!' cried the unfortunate veteran, seizing the young man's hand, 'that is the first word of—'"

The colonel wept. . . . gratitude stifled his expression. "Hark ye, sir," continued the lawyer, "I have won three hundred francs at play to-night, therefore I can well afford the half of it to make the happiness of a fellow creature. I will take the proper measures for procuring you the documents of which you speak, and until they arrive, I will allow you five francs a day; if you really are Colonel Chabert, you will excuse the smallness of the sum, in ascribing it to the mistrust common to lawyers. . . . but proceed!"

The *sol-dan* colonel remained for an instant motionless and stupefied. Extreme misery had destroyed his belief, and if he pursued his name, his fame or himself, it was in obedience to the inexplicable sentiment that has its germs in every human breast, and to which we owe the researches of alchemists, the passions for glory, the discoveries of astronomy, physics, chemistry. In his own estimation his *ego* was merely a secondary object, in the same manner that vanity and the love of gain are more gratifying to the sporting man, than the amount of the wager won.

The young solicitor's words were therefore like a miracle to a man repulsed during ten years by the whole creation. To find at an attorney's, then, ten pieces of gold that had been refused to him so long, by such a number of persons, and in so many different ways! He was like the lady, who having had a fever during fifteen years, thought herself ill the day she was cured. There are fancies in which one no longer believes; they happen, and they scathe, like lightning.

Thus the poor object had too much gratitude to be able to express any. He would have appeared cold to superficial observers, but Derville discovered a whole probity in this stupor; a rogue would have found a voice. "Where was I?" said the colonel, with the simplicity of a child, or a soldier; for there is often an infantine simplicity in the true warrior, and a good deal of the soldier in children, especially in France. "At Stuttgart; you were released from prison," answered the solicitor. "You know my wife?" "Yes," said Derville, inclining his head. "How does she look?" "Still very handsome."

The old man made a sign with his hand, and appeared to repress some secret sorrow with the solemn resignation that belongs to men who have undergone the trials of fire and steel upon the field of battle. "Sir," said he, with a sort of gaiety, for the poor colonel felt that he breathed again, and that he emerged a second time from the tomb, and had just melted another stratum of snow, less soluble than that of nature: it was like inhaling the air of heaven after breathing that of a dungeon. "If I had been a handsome man, none of my misfortunes would have happened. Women believe people when they cram their sentences with professions of love; and then they trot about, and cabal, and aver, and are in a dozen places at once, playing the devil for one; but I had the face of a *requiem*, I was clothed as the Saviour was sold, and looked more like an Esquimaux than a man; yet I was one of the most celebrated exquisites in 1799! I, Colonel Chabert! At length, sir, the same day that I was turned out into the streets of Stuttgart like a dog, I met the sergent of whom I have already spoken to you. The name of my brother soldier was Boutin, and, poor devil! he and I made the prettiest pair of broken down hacks one would wish to see. I saw him on the promenade, begging. Though I knew him, he could not guess who I was. We went together to a coffee-shop, and when I named myself, the mouth of Boutin split into a laugh like a bursted mortar. His mirth agonized me, for it showed without disguise the changes that must have taken place in me. In truth, I had more the look of a match vendor than of a count of the empire. I found myself unknown before the most humble and the most grateful of my friends. I once saved the life of Boutin, but it was in requital, for I owed him as much. I will not tell you exactly how he rendered me this service. The scene of it lay in Italy, at Ravenna; and the house in which he prevented my being stabbed was not a very decent one; but at that time I was not a colonel, I was a private dragoon, like Boutin himself. Fortunately this event was bound up with details that could only be known to ourselves, and as I mentioned them, his incredulity diminished. I recounted the accidents of my eventful existence, and although he said my voice and eyes were greatly changed, and I had lost my hair, my eyebrows, and my teeth, besides having become as white as an Albinos, he ended by finding the colonel in the guise of a mendicant, after a thousand inquiries on his side, to which I replied triumphantly.

He then narrated his own adventures, which were little less extraordinary than my own. He came from the confines of China, which he had tried to penetrate after escaping from Siberia. From him I learnt the disasters in Russia, and the recent abdication of Napoleon. This latter news it was that grieved me most.

"We were two curious remnants, for we had been rolled about like pebbles on the sea-shore. Being, however, more active than myself, Boutin undertook to go to Paris as quickly as possible, to tell my wife of the state in which I was. I wrote Madame Chabert a long letter—it was the fourth, sir! If I had had relations all this would probably have been spared me; but I am a foundling; a soldier with courage for his patrimony, in place of family and connexions—yet with hopes from the world, my country, and my God! Yet stay, I had a father—it was the emperor. After all, political events may justify my wife's silence. Boutin set out. He was a lucky fellow, and had two white bears with him, that were admirably drilled, and produced a livelihood—but I could not keep up with him—my infirmities made a long day's march impossible. After having walked together as long as I could, Boutin and his bears left me, and I believe I wept then. At Carlsruhe I had an attack of inflammation of the brain, and I remained for six weeks upon the straw, in an out-house of some miserable inn. It would be too tedious to describe all the miseries of my life during its stage of mendicancy. Moral sufferings certainly throw the physical ones into the shade, but they excite less compassion than these. I remember weeping at the door of a house in Strasburg, in which I had formerly given a *fete*, but I could not even get a crust of bread there then. Having decided exactly upon the road I should take, in concert with Boutin, I inquired at every post-office I came to, whether there were letters for me, but I arrived in Paris without finding any. I thought that Boutin must be dead; and I afterwards learned, accidentally, that the poor fellow had been killed at Waterloo. His negotiation with my wife had no doubt failed.

"At last I entered Paris, at the same time with the Cossacks, without covering to my feet or money in my pocket, my clothes in tatters; and having been compelled to bivouac in the wood of Claye the night previous to my arrival, I was seized by some kind of malady in crossing the Faubourg of St. Martin, fell fainting against the door of an ironmonger, and awaked to consciousness in a bed at the Hotel Dieu. There I passed a tolerably pleasant month, but was soon after discharged. This brought me, without money, in good health upon the *paree* of Paris; I quickly sought the Rue du Mont Blanc, where my wife should have occupied an hotel of mine, but my hotel was demolished; the speculators had made several new houses out of it. Not knowing that my wife had married M. Ferraud, I could gain no information. Afterwards I went to an old advocate, who had formerly been employed in my affairs, but he had given up his business, and recommended his clients to a young man, from whom I learnt to my amazement, that letters of administration had been taken out, which was followed by the distribution of my property, the marriage of my wife, and the birth of her two children. When I said I was Colonel Chabert, he laughed at me so unaffectedly, that, recollecting my Stuttgart adventure, and not wishing to renew it at Charenton,\* I resolved to act with prudence. Then, sir, having learnt where my wife lived, I directed my steps to her hotel, my heart filled with hope. . . . Would you believe that I was not received when I gave in an assumed name, and that the door was shut in my face when I thought to be admitted to her on giving my real one?

"I have remained whole nights under the gateway to see the countess return from the theatre or from a ball. My glance penetrated the carriage, which passed like lightning before it, and I could just see the object no longer my own!

"From that day forward I have lived in the thought of vengeance," cried the old man, with a deep voice, and standing in an attitude of determination before M. Derville. "She knows I am alive; she has received two letters from me since my return; her love for me has passed. I both love and detest her. Heartless woman! she owes her fortune, her happiness to me, and she, she! has not even sent a five franc piece by some other hand. But—patience! The old soldier fell into his chair again, while M. Derville remained silently contemplating his client. "The affair is serious," he said at length; "for even assuming the documents that should be at Heilsburg to be authentic, I am not convinced that we shall triumph." "Oh," muttered the colonel, who raised his head at the same time with an air of pride: "If I am vanquished, I shall know how to die, but—in company." Here the old man seemed to have merged in the being whose eyes sparkled with rage and desire. "It will, perhaps, be necessary to compromise," resumed the attorney.—"Compromise!" repeated the colonel; "am I or am I not?" "I hope, sir, you will follow my counsils. Your cause shall be my own, and you will soon be satisfied of the interest I take in your situation by an act almost without example in the annals of law practice. Meanwhile, I will give you a line to my notary,† who will pay you fifty francs every ten days, for it is not proper that you should come here for relief. If you are Colonel Chabert, you ought not to be at the mercy of any one. I will give these advances the appearance of a loan.

This latter mark of delicacy drew tears from the veteran.

\* Charenton—the Bedlam and St. Luke's of Paris, from which it is distant two leagues.

† Notaries have much more extended functions in France than in England. In addition to the fact given to public acts executed before them, it is usual for people to leave money in their hands, and to negotiate sales and investments through them.

M. Derville rose abruptly, and withdrew to his cabinet. Perhaps it was unprofessional for a solicitor to appear moved. Returning soon after, he handed an unsealed note to Colonel Chabert, who felt a piece of gold below the paper. "Will you specify the documents, and give me the names of the town and kingdom?"

The soldier dictated the particulars, corrected the orthography of the names of places mentioned, and then taking his hat, fixing his eye on M. Derville, and stretching out to him his other callous hand, he added in an unaffected and simple voice, "In truth, sir, next to him who taught me to write, and after the emperor, you are he to whom I owe the most. . . . You are a gallant fellow."

The solicitor took the colonel's hand, and lighted him down the stairs.

"Boucard!" cried M. Derville, "I have just heard a story that will possibly cost me five-and-twenty louis. If I am robbed, I shall not regret my money; I shall have seen the most accomplished comedian of any age."

As soon as the colonel got into the street and before a lamp, he examined the piece of gold, the first he had seen for nine years. "I shall smoke cigars again," said he.

## THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, JUNE 29, 1833.

### WHITE SQUAWS.

It is mentioned in a Virginia paper, that Black Hawk's handsome son was very fond of the company of the white squaws. If he had not been, he would certainly have shown a sad want of gallantry, since the white squaws, as he called them, were so well pleased with him. He has certainly a very striking figure—and would do well for the hero of a novel. Such a full, broad chest—such a herculean frame—no wonder the ladies of New York and elsewhere should be struck with his noble proportions, when compared with the effeminate dandified figures of the white beaux.

SCENE—A Drawing Room in New York. Present, sundry fashionable ladies, together with Black Hawk and his party.

Belinda Smugg. Oh! what a noble figure Young Hawk is!

Arabella Skugg. Noble! that he is. What a chest he's got! what a muscular frame! [with a deep sigh] how different from the diminutive, slender, bean-pole looking creatures among our white gentleman. Fie! I shall never want to look upon a white man again.

Amelia Simpkins. Nor I neither. Our white men are like a satyr to Hyperion, compared with him.

Belinda. [sighing.] "Oh that heaven had made me such a man," as Shakspeare says.

Arabella. And me too, Belinda.

Amelia. And me three, Arabella. Only see him walk—what a majestic gait he has! how enlarged he moves! as Homer says. What a noble Roman nose he's got on his face! [sighing.] Oh that he was civilized, and understood English better. I'm sure then [aside] that I could make a conquest of him.

Arabella. He is truly a divine man, if ever there was one. I wish he was a shade whiter.

Belinda. Do you? Well now I think his complexion is beautiful. What can be handsomer than a charming bronze? It is a color that will wear well, and wash well.

Amelia. True, Belinda, it will never wash out.

Arabella. How elegant those beads do look in his ear! I wonder if those long holes in the rim were made by art, or whether he was born with them?

Belinda. I dare say he was born with them. It would be barbarous to pierce the gristle of the poor creature's ears in that manner. What a beautiful red spot he's got painted on the top of his head! I do think they show a great deal of taste in their dress and ornaments. But Major Garland ought to allow them cleaner shirts.

Amelia. I wish I'd brought along some of brother Ned's. I'm sure they'd be an acceptable present.

Arabella. I should like, of all things, to be able to speak Indian. It must be delightful to converse with so charming a man. How fresh his ideas must be, just coming from the romantic forest. I'm sure such a pleasant, noble looking young man could not feel it an his heart to kill poor defenceless woman and children. It must have been that cross looking old Prophet, and that savage Nappoe that did all the murders.

Belinda. I think so too. It could not have been these pleasant looking young Indians. There's the Prophet's son—I understand he's a great wit, and very gallant with all. I should like to speak to them.—[Addressing Powe-shick—the Prophet's son.] Mr. Powe-shick, how did you like the play last night?

Powe-shick. Me! Me no much understand.

Arabella. Have you seen Miss Kemble?

Powe-shick. Miss Kemble! who she? White squaw?

Arabella. She's the celebrated English actress.

Powe-shick. [Showing his teeth gallantly.] White squaw very good—much good. Me like 'em very

much. Me take one, three, two horse, to be my squaws.

Belinda. Oh! how witty and gallant he is! What a difference there is between him and the white gentlemen. They'll hardly offer to take one—let alone two or three.

Amelia. [To Na-she-askuck—Hawk's son.] Are you fond of botany?

Na-she-askuck. Bottle! me fond of bottle? No! Pale face fond of bottle—me no touch 'em—no get drunk—no stagger like pale face.

Arabella. What divine sentiments! how noble! how unsophisticated!—Mr. Nasheskuck, who is your favorite author, Pope or Byron?

Na-she-askuck. Na-pope!—you want to see him? He in tother room.

Arabella. How elegantly he puns! I've a great mind to put him a conundrum. Why is a woman's face like—

Na-she-askuck. Like! yes, me like squaw's face—white squaw—very much handsome.

Arabella. Oh! sir, you flatter me now.

Belinda. [Aside.] How I should like to kiss the dear man. I'm sure there's no harm in it. I wouldn't kiss an odious white man—in public—for all the world. But a child of nature like this—la! I'm sure nobody can take any exception to it. I'll kiss him, [snatching the action to the word] if I die for it.

Na-she-askuck. [surprised.] You buss me! White squaw buss Indian!

Belinda. Excuse me, Mr. Nasheskuck—I know you'll think I'm rude and forward—but really, Mr. Nasheskuck, you are so irresistible that—

Amelia. A'nt you ashamed, Belinda?

Belinda. Ashamed! no; where's the harm of saluting a noble son of the forest?

Amelia. But before all the folks, Belinda—Oh, fie!

Belinda. Oh, fie!—Oh, fudge! You're mighty squeamish all at once, Miss Simpkins.

Amelia. But only think what the people will say. Why, it will get into the newspapers, and go all over the world.

Belinda. Well, let it go then. It won't trouble me any.

Arabella. Nor me neither, Belinda; I'll keep you in countenance. [Saluting Young Hawk in her turn.] There!

Na-she-askuck. You buss me too!

Powe-shick. You lucky dog, Na-she-askuck, you get all the buss.

Na-she-askuck. White squaw very much good—very kind—lip very sweet.

Powe-shick. I try 'em then. [Saluting Amelia.]

Amelia. Oh! how gallant.

Belinda. Fie! fie! Amelia.

Amelia. Don't you say any thing, Miss Belinda—I didn't kiss the Indian, but he kissed me. [Aside.] Oh! what a difference between him and the white beaux!

STAGGERS—is defined by the lexicographers to be "A disease of horses and cattle, attended with giddiness." All this may be true—but the disease is very evidently not confined to horses and cattle—nor is it monopolized indeed by the four-footed races. On the contrary, we every day see very noted specimens of its prevalence among the biped race. In fact men are much oftener afflicted with the staggers than either oxen or horses. We have rarely seen one of the latter but what could walk steady and steer straight. Not so with the former. The widest streets are too narrow for them when laboring under an attack of this disease, which we are sorry to perceive returns upon some persons daily. Horses are said to be afflicted with the "blind staggers"—and so, alas! are men, as is very evident from their running so often against a post. The disease is called by some lexicographers "a horse-apoplexy." It may in like manner be called a man-apoplexy, if those creatures can properly be denominated men who are most subject to it—for they are often known to fall to the earth, and lie whole hours without sense or motion. It is clearly then a disease of bipeds, as well as quadrupeds; and we hope Dr. Webster and the rest will so define it in the future editions of their dictionaries.

AN USEFUL LEG.—Most people would regret to have to substitute a wooden leg for the natural one. But an occasion might arise in which the wooden member would prove more valuable than the real one—such, for instance, as the want of fuel. The following case, illustrating this subject in a very striking manner, is taken from Cooper's novel of Lionel Lincoln:—

"No wood! no provisions!" exclaimed Polwarth, speaking with difficulty—then dashing his hand across his eyes, he continued to his man, in a voice whose hoarseness he intended should conceal his emotion—"thou villain, Shearflint, come hither—unstrap my leg."

The servant looked at him in wonder, but an impatient gesture hastened his compliance.

"Split it into ten thousand fragments; 'tis seasoned and ready for the fire. The best of them, they of

esh I mean, are but useless incumbrances, after all!—cook wants hands, eyes, nose, and palate; but I've no use for a leg!"

THE DIVIDING CLAPPER.—Phil Brown inquired of Dick Jones how the solids, which were taken into the stomach, became divided from the liquids.

"How! why," replied Dick, "there's a small clapper at the entrance of the throat, which separates them as they're going down."

"A small clapper, ha?" returned Phil: "well, how does this clapper operate?"

"Why," said Dick, "it flies back and forth, and lets the liquids one way and the solids the other."

"Flies back and forth, ha!"

"Certainly—is there anything impossible in that?"

"Impossible? Oh, by no means—but I was just going to observe, Dick, that it must fly d—d nimble when a man is eating hasty-pudding and milk, 'ut's all."

### THE DRUNKARD'S COMPLAINT

OF THE SHORTNESS OF HIS NECK.

A jolly son of Bacchus sat,

Black Betty\* lugged with fond desire;

And, as he joined in closer chat,

The color of his nose grew higher.

Yet 'mid this warm ecstatic glow,

With all he valued in full tide,

He either felt, or fancied woe,

And plaintive thus his sorrows sighed:

"Sure, Nature, parsimonious dame!

Who slakes her thirst with rain and dew,

Meant we should play a sim'lar game,

And wet our lips with water too.

"Else why, alas! did she bestow

A neck so short on men of note,

We scarce can feel the liquor flow

Before it's fairly down the throat?"

"Or was the dame in want of clay,

That she should make so short a route

Along the oesophageal way,

Nor any farther stretch it out?

"Full sure the task were short enough,

With lib'ral hand, to have set in

A little longer piece of stuff

Between the bosom and the chin.

"Has not the horse a longer neck,

Who never tastes a drop of rum?

Does not the crane a longer deck,

Who never near a tavern come?"

"While I, alas! unlucky soul,

Who pleasures buy at so much cost,

Scarce to my lips can lift the bowl

Before the precious drops are lost.

"Oh, had my neck a sweet extent,

As long as Danube or the Nile!

But nay, perhaps I'd be content

E'en did it only reach a mile.

"To have it stretched I would not reek,

Could I sustain the hempen strife,

And only lengthen out my neck

Without the short'ning of my life."

Thus sighed the man in plaintive sort,

But strove the cause of grief to drown;

And as he found his neck too short,

He oft'ner poured the liquor down.

\* A name for the bottle.

AMERICAN LIPS.—Mrs. Trollope avers, in her "Refugee," that the lips of the generality of Americans are "thin and compressed." This is an accusation we never before heard brought against our countrymen; and we think we could point out to the amiable author some very plump and incontestable specimens of the contrary description.

DOCTOR DUCKWORTH.—This work, which we announced a few weeks since as being in press, is now published by Mr. Stodart, 6 Cortlandt street. It is in two duodecimo volumes, of some 240 pages each.

The main design of the work is to ridicule QUACKERY in the practice of medicine; as well as the credulity of those who give encouragement to ignorance and imposture. Doctor Duckworth, the principal character, is represented as belonging to the regular faculty—a man who has studied, or at least has been in the office of a physician, for a term of years, but has brought nothing of value away with him—in short, is a downright regular built quack. He is, like many of his class, a man of great pretensions, and extraordinary popularity; while his boldness and presumption in practice are in the direct proportion to his ignorance and total unfitness for his profession.

Besides this regular quack, sundry others, which in contradistinction may be called irregular ones, figure in the work: such as a Natural Bone-setter, a Root Doctor, Cancer Curer, and the like. These irregulars are brought in contact with the regular

quack, and their quarrels and squabbles for practice are duly set forth.

The scene is laid in New England; and the peculiarities of language, manners, and customs, among the country people, are represented in the work.

In addition to the Life and Adventures of Duckworth, is given the History of a STEAM DOCTOR, the scene of whose exploits is laid in the Empire State.

The following is a sketch of the

### NATURAL BONE-SETTER.

DOCTOR PULLTGGLE was one of those rare geniuses, known as the seventh son of a seventh son. He was born with the capacity of setting bones; or, as the people expressed it, was a natural bone-setter. He had no knowledge from books or from instruction; and he required none. What is bred in the bone, says the old saw, stays long in the flesh; and Doctor Pulltogle could no more help being a bone-setter, than the cat in the fable, who was changed into a lady, could help running after the mouse.

Why the mere circumstance of his being the seventh son of a seventh son, should convey this extraordinary gift, nobody undertook to explain. It was a thing utterly beyond comprehension. It was a mystery, which nobody thought of looking into; but which was valued the more for being a mystery. "It is very strange," said the people, "what a faculty of setting bones this Doctor Pulltogle has! He never looked in a surgery book in his life, but took it all up of his own head; and yet he's the slickest hand to set a bone in all New England. Why he makes no more of slipping in a dislocated joint, than a common doctor would of slipping a guinea into his pocket."

With this reputation, Doctor Pulltogle had a good deal of practice. He was particularly famous for the cure of old cases, which were reputed to have baffled the skill of the regular surgeons. This was especially the case in regard to long-standing injuries of the joints, which, whatever their nature might be, he generally contrived to metamorphose into luxations. But, whether the cases were chronic, or recent, he knew how to make the most of them; and, by changing sprains into dislocations, to gain both money and reputation by reducing them.

He affected a sort of dexterity, or slight of hand, in his mode of operating; and would resort to various sly tricks to deceive the eyes of beholders. He wished to conceal from all others the precise moment when the bone returned to its place, as well as the peculiar manner of affecting it. Of his marvellous dexterity, in this respect, several anecdotes are still current in the circle of his practice.

But Doctor Pulltogle did not rely altogether upon the dexterous motion of the hand, for his success and reputation in the art of bone-setting. He had invented a kind of ointment, still famous in that region, by the name of *Toggle Grease*—an appellation doubtless derived from his own cognomen, the first syllable having, in process of time, been lopped off for the sake of ease in pronunciation. With this grease he used to anoint the injured part for some minutes, as a preliminary step; and it is avowed that, by the extraordinary powers of this ointment, the displaced bones could well nigh be induced, of their own motion, to return to their places.

Such was the reputation, and such the effects, of the *Toggle Grease*. But what it was made of nobody knew, except the inventor. There were indeed various conjectures about it; and certain wise persons, were ready to swear positively to one or more of the ingredients.

"It is," said one, "made of devil's bit, and a number of other strong arbs, cooked in rattlesnake's ile."

"That's all you know about it," said another; "the principal ingredients, to my certain knowledge, is the marrow got out of the bones of a human man, and that is the reason it has such an effect in making people's bones come in their places."

"You're right," said a third, "about it's being the marrow of a human critter; but it isn't every human critter whose marrow will have the same effect. It must be a man that was born on the 29th day of February, just between the old and new of the moon, that never sucked a human woman, that never tasted a drop of water in his life, and at last was killed with lightning."

"And that aint all," said another; "the marrow must be tried out in a gold kittle; and when the other ingredients are put in, they must all be stirred together with a bone that come out of a catamount's leg."

"Now all that," said a fifth, "is a mere fudge, and just an old woman's notion. I have good reason to know it's just no such thing. There aint a bit of human marrow, of any sort or kind, in the *Toggle Grease*. The foundation is the fat of a Guinea nigger, roasted alive. To this is added a little dragon's blood, a little ile of spikes, a little goose-grease, together with about twenty kinds of arbs and roots, all gathered in the dark of the moon, and simmered over a slow fire till they come to the inconsistency of ointment. I don't know exactly what the arbs may be,



but I'm sartin about the nigger's fat, and the dragon's blood—or it may be devil's blood, which I spose is all one and the same thing—and also about the goose-grease and the ile of spikes, and all them things."

Such were some of the various ideas entertained of the composition of the Toggle Grease; and indeed the inventor himself had done much to puzzle, mislead, and divide public opinion on this abstruse subject, by throwing out certain half-expressed and mysterious hints, sometimes of one kind, and sometimes another, according to the nature of his auditors. But the composition of the Toggle Grease remained a secret till the day of his death; and, though transmitted to one of his descendants, in whose hands it now remains, it continues a secret to all the rest of the world.

When Doctor Pulltoggle could not, with propriety and safety, make dislocations of sprains, he cured them under their proper name, by the application of his ointment; and some prodigious cures are reported to have been achieved by this means. One instance in particular deserves mention, on account of its suddenness.

A young lady, in going to a sleigh ride, had been upset, and got her ankle so severely sprained, that she could not walk nor stand. It was not only very painful; but, what was worse still, she could not dance. Injuries of this kind often require weeks, and even months, in healing. To a sprightly young lady, who was regretting every moment that she was kept from the dance, this was but poor consolation. Fortunately, however, Doctor Pulltoggle, who was on a journey, happened to arrive just at the nick of time, at the inn where the sleighing party held their ball.

The unfortunate young lady was sitting in one chair, with her sprained ankle in another—groaning and bitterly lamenting her fate, while she heard the fiddling and dancing so near her, without being able to join in it. With what joy then did she hear that Doctor Pulltoggle was then in the house. She requested to see him immediately, and begged, for the love of heaven, that he would cure her ankle, so that she could rise and join in the dance.

"How! do you expect me to perform a six weeks job in half a dozen minutes?"

"I don't know how, I'm sure, doctor; but I know you can do it well enough, if you try."

"How do you know, my ducky, ha?" said Pulltoggle, chucking her under the chin.

"Oh, I know it well enough, doctor, because I've heard, time and again, of the great cures you have performed."

"You have, ha? and you think I can cure your ankle in the twanging of a fiddle, do you?"

"Yes, do now, doctor Pulltoggle, that's a good soul; you can't think how I want to be up and dancing."

"You'll give me a kiss then, I suppose, if—"

"Yes, but you must cure my ankle first."

"Well, I suppose I must try what can be done for the poor girl that wants to be shaking the foot so terribly."

Thus saying, he drew forth a box of the precious Toggle Grease, and began to anoint the red and swollen ankle; which, in less than three minutes, was reduced to its natural size and color; and the lady, springing upon her feet, began to caper round the room as though nothing had happened.

"Ah, but the kiss now!" exclaimed Pulltoggle.

"You shall have it if you can catch me," returned the patient gaily, and running into the ball-room, did more execution in the dance than any other person of the whole company.

#### COVERED DISHES—AN EPIGRAM.

"Ménus, Ole, bonas," &c.  
Martial.

Oldys a splendid table sets,  
With covered dishes all complete;  
Thus any man might make a show,  
With nothing underneath to eat.

#### THE DRAMA.

PARK.—On Wednesday (19th) the opera of Fra Diavolo was produced at this Theatre, when Mrs. Austin and Mr. Sinclair appeared to procure for it the good opinion of the audience. They were both in good voice, and admitting the difficulties of a first performance, succeeded in producing a good effect. Mrs. Austin's cavatina "Day-light love has passed away," was charmingly sung, but we think not sufficiently *con spirito*. Mr. Sinclair proved himself a skilful singer, as he always does when singing such music as "Young Agnes"; yet we would rather hear him in the concert-room for, like Braham, he is only a singer. That the dramatic part of an opera is absurdity, all who attend them must be aware of, and we should abstract ourselves from every thing but the music, and never think from whence it comes, to enjoy it; but the appearance of a company of soldiers in a lady's bedroom positively startled us. By the by, Mrs. Austin played this scene with great de-

licacy, and sang her song and prayer delightfully—she may be a good bravura singer, but she is a sweet pathetic one. Mr. Reynoldson conceived and acted the vulgar Lord Goslington with much truth—his music was also given with spirit, though the fiddlers or his pipe were behind-hand at the commencement of his "buffa aria"—which is a fine piece of composition. This opera is likely to prove very successful, and though we do not think the present adaptation the best that could be brought out, who would not go to hear Auber and Rossini.

#### DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

*A wife Testimony.*—A man, whose ample dimensions showed that he could not be moved by trifles, entered a complaint against a person with a name no one could speak or write—most certainly, whose name nobody could understand from the thick, rapid, guttural speech of the complainant. His jacket, the original color of which was obscured under the sprinklings of his professional employment, proclaimed him one of the fraternity of the hod. There was *prima facie* evidence that he did not resort to the cheering influence of cold water alone, in the ascents and descents of life. It was whispered that he had even been under the correctional cognizance of the Police.

*Complainant.* I've bin nigh kilt, y'r Honor.  
*Magistrate.* You have none of the appearance of a man nearly killed.

C. Oh, 'twas last night, an' I'm well over it now.  
M. How did it happen?

C. I was in bed in me own room—an' the first I knowed he gin me a slap o' the cheek—he did. An' afore that, he was after quarrelling.

M. But you was asleep. How could you tell that?

C. Me wife said it, an' I'm willing to believe it.

M. Where was your wife?

C. In bed, y'r Honor.

M. And how came the person you complain of in your wife's bed-room?

C. 'Twas in his own room, y'r Honor.

M. You have just now stated it was in your own room.

C. Sure, it's his own too—an' his wife was in bed there, an' he'd bin after bating her.

M. Then he lives in the same room with you?

C. Ixactly, y'r Honor.

M. And how many families occupy that room?

C. Two—only two, y'r Honor—at that present time.

M. Was he drunk?

C. He was warm, maybe, y'r Honor.

M. I ask you again, was he drunk?

C. I suppose he was hearty.

M. Answer me directly. Was he drunk?

C. Maybe liquor was upon him.

M. But you don't know the beginning of the quarrel.

C. Och, I'm knowing it right well—me wife told me the particulars on't.

M. You must bring your wife, or some other person, to tell me how the quarrel originated.

C. Sure, I'll tell the whole on't myself.

M. You was asleep, and how can you tell?

C. A hard thing it id be, not to believe me own wife.

The persevering complainant was at length induced to go in pursuit of a witness to the origin of the affair, but not without some slight grumbling—"it's hard me word shouldn't go."—*Bost. Atlas.*

*GRATITUDE IN A DOG.*—Brown, in his Sketches, says that a large setter, ill with the distemper, had been most tenderly nursed by a lady for three weeks. At length he became so weak as to be placed on a bed, where he remained three days in a dying situation. After a short absence, the lady, on re-entering the room, observed him to fix his eyes attentively on her, and make an effort to crawl across the bed to her. This he accomplished, evidently for the sole purpose of licking her hands, which having done, he expired without a groan. "I am as convinced," says Mr. Brown, "that the animal was sensible of his approaching dissolution, and that this was a last forcible effort to express his gratitude for the care taken of him, as I am of my own existence; and had I witnessed this proof of excellence alone, I should think a life devoted to the amelioration of the condition of dogs far too little for their deserts."—*Amer. Turf Reg.*

*EPITAPH.*—An old sailor, resident of the Marine Hospital, [where?] requested the following epitaph to be placed upon his tombstone:—

"Here I lay, as snug  
As a bug in a rug."

*A FABLE—The two Flies.*—"Mother," said a young fly in great agitation, "you certainly are in error about the beauty of those persons who are so affronted with us whenever we touch them. I but just now settled on the cheek of a lady of high fashion, which appeared to be smooth and natural; but Lord, dear

mother! I thought I should never get back to you again, for I stuck in this filthy red mud, and with the greatest difficulty I got away. Only look at my feet and legs!"

*ANECDOTE.*—A pretty little brunette of fourteen was passing along the street a few days since, when she was accosted by a strange man, rather the worse for liquor, who inquired if her mother was as black as she was? "I believe not," was the reply. "But pray tell me if your father is as blue as you are?"

*"PUTTING IN MIND."*—This common phrase was used by a Hibernian a day or two since, in rather a ludicrous connexion. Pat was driving pigs on Low-ell street, when Barney met him, and after the usual interchange of "How d'ye do?" and "Sure it's myself that's glad to see you;" Barney pointed to one of the quadrupeds, with, "It's a fine pig that sow, Patrick." "It is that same, Barney—which puts me in mind of asking for your wife, the crathur; is she well, now?"

*A NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE.*—A country pedagogue once having the misfortune to have his school-house burnt down, was obliged to remove to a new one; here he reprimanded one of his boys, who mis-spelt a number of words, by telling him he did not spell so correctly as when he was in the old school-house. "Well, thomhow or 'nother," said the urchin, with a scowl, "I can't egthackly git the hang o' this're new thkool-house."—*paper.*

*ANECDOTES.*—"A friend in need, is a friend indeed."—The late Dr. Hunter of Edinburgh, Professor of Divinity, was solicited by a Rev. Doctor, deep in the moderate interest of the Church, for his support in a question which was coming before the Assembly. The Professor replied, "Why, Doctor B—de, I will undoubtedly support you, if, after I have heard the cause pled, I find you in the right." To this the applicant replied, "Right, Doctor—right! D'ye really think I would have travelled seventy-two miles from D—ries to seek your support of the right? It's because I'm in the wrong, that I ask your vote as a favour."

*LEGAL PUN.*—Lord Lyndhurst, at the last Kingston Assizes, perpetrated an excellent pun. In a prosecution for counterfeiting money, a gardener, who had discovered one of the implements used for the purpose, was examined by Mr. Clarkson. "So, sir," said the Learned Counsel, "you went to sow the seeds of this prosecution." "No, Mr. Clarkson," said Lord Lyndhurst, (who presided on the Bench) "he only found the mould."—*Eng. paper.*

*EQUESTRIAN COMMERCE.*—"How shall I sell my horse?" said a jockey to an acquaintance; "his tail came off in less than six hours after I bought him."—"Sell him by wholesale, for no honorable man will re-tail him," was the reply.

#### MARY OF BURGUNDY;

OR, THE REVOLT OF GHEENT.

We cannot hesitate in calling this decidedly the very best romance that Mr. James has produced. The mystery and the interest are alike well sustained, and the principal character delineated with a degree of dramatic power that marks those happier creations of the author, which stand out from the common run of fictitious heroes. Albert Maurice, the young burgher, is a noble conception, well filled up, and in good keeping with the time when the demarcations of society were so badly drawn, and yet oftentimes so suddenly reversed. The period, too, is one of much attraction. \* \* \* These volumes present a most animated picture of the period, with its tumults and troubles, its forests swarming with freebooters, its nobles still looking upon themselves as earth's favored ones, its burghers growing every day more conscious of their importance; and the one or two of heightened minds, who, inspired by patriotism, planned more important schemes for the benefit of their own native lands and towns. Such are the materials which have been wrought out with animation worthy of those stirring days; while the repose of so sweet and gentle a being as Mary of Burgundy is in excellent relief to the darker shadows of the picture. The ensuing passages may shew with what grace the embellishments are thrown in. We shall only premise, that Albert Maurice is the young burgher on whose talent and influence with his fellow-citizens most of the story turns:—

"Every one knows that, in the early dawn of a Sicilian morning, the shepherds and the watchers on the coast of the Messinese Strait will sometimes behold, in the midst of the clear unclouded blue of the sky, a splendid but delusive pageant, which is seen also, though in a less livid form, amongst the Hebrides. Towers and castles, domes and palaces, festivals and processions, arrayed armies and contending hosts, pass, for a few minutes, in brilliant confusion before the eyes of the beholders, and then fade away, as if the scenes of another world, for some especial purpose, conjured up for a moment, and then withdrawn for ever from their sight. Thus there are times, too, in the life of man, when the spirit, excited by some great and stirring passion, or by mingling with mighty and portentous events, seems to gain for a brief instant a confused but magnificent view of splendid things not yet in being. Imagination in the one case, and hope in the other, give form and distinctness to the airy images, though both are too soon

doomed to fade away amidst the colder realities of the stern world we dwell in. The mind of Albert Maurice had been excited by the scenes he had just gone through; and success, without making him arrogant, had filled him full of hope. Each step that he took forward seemed but to raise him higher, and each effort of an enemy to crush him, seemed, without any exertion of his own, but to clear the way before him. Such thoughts were mingling with other feelings—brought forth by the sight, and the voice, and the smile of Mary of Burgundy, when the sudden call to her presence woke him from such dreams; but woke him only to shew to his mind's eye a thousand confused but bright and splendid images, as gay, as glittering, as pageant-like, but as unreal also, as the airy vision which hangs in the morning light over the Sicilian seas. Fancy at once called up every thing within the wide range of possibility—battles and victories, and triumphant success, the shout of nations and of worlds, the sceptre, the palace, and the throne, with a thousand indistinct ideas of mighty things, danced before his eyes for a moment, with a sweeter and brighter image, too, as the object and end of ambition, the reward of mighty endeavour, the crowning boon of infinite success. But still he felt and knew, even while he dreamed, that it was all unreal; and, as he followed the messenger with a quick pace, the vision faded, and left him but the cold and naked truth. At length, after passing through several chambers which flanked the hall of the audience, the door of a small apartment, called the bower, was thrown open, and the young burgher stood once more before Mary of Burgundy. One of the most painful curses of high station is that of seldom, if ever, being alone; of having no moment, except those intended for repose, in which to commune with one's own heart, without the oppression of some human eye watching the emotions of the mind as they set upon the body, and keeping sentinel over the heart's index—the face. Mary of Burgundy was not alone, though as much alone as those of her station usually are: she stood near a window, at the other side of the apartment, with her soft rounded arm and delicate hand twined in those of one of her fair attendants—Alice of Imbercourt—on whom she leaned slightly, while the Lord of Imbercourt himself stood beside her on the other hand; and, with his stately head somewhat bent, seemed, with all due reverence, to give her counsel upon some private matter of importance."

How beautifully the next landscape is blended with human associations!—

"It was towards that period of the year which the French call the short summer of St. Martin, from the fact of a few lingering bright days of sunshiny sweetness breaking in upon the autumn, as a memorial of the warmer season gone before. The sky was full of light, and the air full of heat; and the grand masses of high grey clouds that occasionally floated over the sun were hailed gladly for their soft cool shadow, although the day was the eleventh of November. Sweeping over the prospect, like the mighty but indistinct images of great things and splendid purposes that sometimes cross a powerful but imaginative mind, the shadows of the clouds moved slow over hill and dale, field and forest. Now they cast large masses of the woods into dark and gloomy shade, and left the rising grounds around to stand forth in light and sparkling brightness, giving no bad image of the dark memories that are in every heart, surrounded but not effaced by after-joys. Now they floated soft upon the mountains, spreading an airy purple over each dell and cavity; while, pouring into the midst of the valley, the bright orb of day lighted up tower, and town, and farm, and hamlet, and village spire, as hope lights up the existence of man, even while the many clouds of fate hang their heaviest shadows on his prospect round about him. The harmonious hues of autumn, too, was over all the world. Russet was the livery of the year; and the brown fields, preparing for the sower, offered only a deeper hue of the same colour, which, though varied through a thousand shades, still painted every tree throughout the woods, and sobered down even the grassy meadows with a tint far different from that of spring. The sky, with the sunshine that it contained, was all summer; but the aspect of every thing that it looked upon, spoke of autumn sinking fast in the arms of winter."

*NAUTICAL SKILL.*—Mr. Rush thus describes his entrance of the port of Cowes, on reaching England.

"The first gleams of light disclosed land. A gun was fired, which brought a pilot. All eyes were upon him as he passed along the deck. The first person that comes on ship-board after a voyage, seems like a new link to human existence. When he took his station at the helm, I heard the commadore ask how the Needles bore? 'Ahead north,' he answered. 'Do you take the ship through them?' 'Ay.' 'Does the wind set right and have you enough?' 'Ay.'—This closed all dialogue as far as I heard. He remained at his post, giving his laconic orders. In good time we approached the Needles—the spectacle was grand. Our officers gazed with admiration; the very men, who swarmed upon the deck, made a pause to look upon the giddy height. The most exact steering seemed necessary to save the ship from the sharp rocks that compress the waters in the narrow strait below. But she passed easily through. There is something imposing in entering England by this access. I afterwards entered at Dover, in a packet, from Calais; my eye fixed upon the sentinels as they slowly paced the height. But those cliffs, bold as they are, and immortalized by Shakspeare, did not equal the passage through the Needles."

M. Derville rose abruptly, and withdrew to his cabinet. Perhaps it was unprofessional for a solicitor to appear moved. Returning soon after, he handed an unsolicited note to Colonel Chabert, who felt a piece of gold below the paper. "Will you specify the documents, and give me the names of the town and kingdom?"

The soldier dictated the particulars, corrected the orthography of the names of places mentioned, and then taking his hat, fixing his eye on M. Derville, and stretching out to him his other callous hand, he added in an unaffected and simple voice, "In truth, sir, next to him who taught me to write, and after the emperor, you are he to whom I owe the most. . . . You are a gallant fellow."

The solicitor took the colonel's hand, and lighted him down the stairs.

"Boucard!" cried M. Derville, "I have just heard a story that will possibly cost me five-and-twenty louis. If I am robbed, I shall not regret my money; I shall have seen the most accomplished comedian of my age."

As soon as the colonel got into the street and before a lamp, he examined the piece of gold, the first he had seen for nine years. "I shall smoke cigars again," said he.

## THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, JUNE 29, 1853.

### WHITE SQUAWS.

It is mentioned in a Virginia paper, that Black Hawk's handsome son was very fond of the company of the white squaws. If he had not been, he would certainly have shown a sad want of gallantry, since the white squaws, as he called them, were so well pleased with him. He has certainly a very striking figure—and would do well for the hero of a novel. Such a full, broad chest—such a herculean frame—no wonder the ladies of New York and elsewhere should be struck with his noble proportions, when compared with the effeminate dandified figures of the white beaux.

SCENE—A Drawing Room in New York. Present, sundry fashionable ladies, together with Black Hawk and his party.

Belinda Smugg. Oh! what a noble figure Young Hawk is!

Arabella Skugg. Noble! that he is. What a chest he's got! what a muscular frame! [with a deep sigh] how different from the diminutive, slender, bean-pole looking creatures among our white gentleman. Fie! I shall never want to look upon a white man again.

Amelia Simpkins. Nor I neither. Our white men are like a satyr to Hyperion, compared with him.

Belinda. [sighing.] "Oh that heaven had made me such a man," as Shakespeare says.

Arabella. And me too, Belinda.

Amelia. And me three, Arabella. Only see him walk—what a majestic gait he has! how enlarged he moves! as Homer says. What a noble Roman nose he's got on his face! [sighing.] Oh that he was civilized, and understood English better. I'm sure then [aside] that I could make a conquest of him.

Arabella. He is truly a divine man, if ever there was one. I wish he was a shade whiter.

Belinda. Do you? Well now I think his complexion is beautiful. What can be handsomer than a charming bronze? It is a color that will wear well, and wash well.

Amelia. True, Belinda, it will never wash out.

Arabella. How elegant those beads do look in his ear! I wonder if those long holes in the rim were made by art, or whether he was born with them?

Belinda. I dare say he was born with them. It would be barbarous to pierce the gristle of the poor creature's ears in that manner. What a beautiful red spot he's got painted on the top of his head! I do think they show a great deal of taste in their dress and ornaments. But Major Garland ought to allow them cleaner shirts.

Amelia. I wish I'd brought along some of brother Ned's. I'm sure they'd be an acceptable present.

Arabella. I should like, of all things, to be able to speak Indian. It must be delightful to converse with so charming a man. How fresh his ideas must be, just coming from the romantic forest. I'm sure such a pleasant, noble looking young man couldn't feel it in his heart to kill poor defenceless woman and children. It must have been that cross looking old Prophet, and that savage Nappee that did all the murders.

Belinda. I think so too. It couldn't have been these pleasant looking young Indians. There's the Prophet's son—I understand he's a great wit, and very gallant with all. I should like to speak to them.

[Addressing Powe-shick—the Prophet's son.] Mr. Powe-shick, how did you like the play last night?

Powe-shick. Me! Me no much understand.

Arabella. Have you seen Miss Kemble?

Powe-shick. Miss Kemble! who she? White squaw?

Arabella. She's the celebrated English actress.

Powe-shick. [Showing his teeth gallantly.] White squaw very good—much good. Me like 'em very

much. Me take one, three, two home, to be my squaws.

Belinda. Oh! how witty and gallant he is! What a difference there is between him and the white gentlemen. They'll hardly offer to take one—let alone two or three.

Amelia. [To Na-she-askuck—Hawk's son.] Are you fond of botany?

Na-she-askuck. Bottle! me fond of bottle? No! Pale face fond of bottle—me no touch 'em—no get drunk—no stagger like pale face.

Arabella. What divine sentiments! how noble! how unsophisticated!—Mr. Nasheskuck, who is your favorite author, Pope or Byron?

Na-she-askuck. Na-pope!—you want to see him? He in tother room.

Arabella. How elegantly he puns! I've a great mind to put him a conundrum. Why is a woman's face like—

Na-she-askuck. Like! yes, me like squaw's face—white squaw—very much handsome.

Arabella. Oh! sir, you flatter me now.

Belinda. [Aside.] How I should like to kiss the dear man. I'm sure there's no harm in it. I wouldn't kiss an odious white man—in public—for all the world. But a child of nature like this—la! I'm sure nobody can take any exception to it. I'll kiss him, [suiting the action to the word] if I die for it.

Na-she-askuck. [surprised.] You buss me! White squaw buss Indian!

Belinda. Excuse me, Mr. Nasheskuck—I know you'll think I'm rude and forward—but really, Mr. Nasheskuck, you are so irresistible that—

Amelia. A'nt you ashamed, Belinda?

Belinda. Ashamed! no; where's the harm of saluting a noble son of the forest?

Amelia. But before all the folks, Belinda—Oh, fie!

Belinda. Oh, fie!—Oh, fudge! You're mighty squeamish all at once, Miss Simpkins.

Amelia. But only think what the people will say. Why, it will get into the newspapers, and go all over the world.

Belinda. Well, let it go then. It won't trouble me any.

Arabella. Nor me neither, Belinda; I'll keep you in countenance. [Saluting Young Hawk in her turn.] There!

Na-she-askuck. You buss me too!

Powe-shick. You lucky dog, Na-she-askuck, you get all the buss.

Na-she-askuck. White squaw very much good—very kind—lip very sweet.

Powe-shick. I try 'em then. [Saluting Amelia.]

Amelia. Oh! how gallant.

Belinda. Fie! fie! Amelia.

Amelia. Don't you say any thing, Miss Belinda—I didn't kiss the Indian, but he kissed me. [Aside.] Oh! what a difference between him and the white beaux!

STAGGERS—is defined by the lexicographers to be "A disease of horses and cattle, attended with giddiness." All this may be true—but the disease is very evidently not confined to horses and cattle—nor is it monopolized indeed by the four-footed races. On the contrary, we every day see very noted specimens of its prevalence among the biped race. In fact men are much oftener afflicted with the staggers than either oxen or horses. We have rarely seen one of the latter but what could walk steady and steer straight. Not so with the former. The widest streets are too narrow for them when laboring under an attack of this disease, which we are sorry to perceive returns upon some persons daily. Horses are said to be affected with the "blind staggers"—and so, alas! are men, as is very evident from their running so often against a post. The disease is called by some lexicographers "a horse-apoplexy." It may in like manner be called a man-apoplexy, if those creatures can properly be denominated men who are most subject to it—for they are often known to fall to the earth, and lie whole hours without sense or motion. It is clearly then a disease of bipeds, as well as quadrupeds; and we hope Dr. Webster and the rest will so define it in the future editions of their dictionaries.

AN USEFUL LEG.—Most people would regret to have to substitute a wooden leg for the natural one. But an occasion might arise in which the wooden member would prove more valuable than the real one—such, for instance, as the want of fuel. The following case, illustrating this subject in a very striking manner, is taken from Cooper's novel of Lionel Lincoln:—

"No wood! no provisions!" exclaimed Polwarth, speaking with difficulty—then dashing his hand across his eyes, he continued to his man, in a voice whose hoarseness he intended should conceal his emotion—"thou villain, Sheardint, come hither—unstrap my leg."

The servant looked at him in wonder, but an impatient gesture hastened his compliance.

"Split it into ten thousand fragments; 'tis seasoned and ready for the fire. The best of them, they of

esh I mean, are but useless incumbrances, after all!—cook wants hands, eyes, nose, and palate; but I've no use for a leg!"

THE DIVIDING CLAPPER.—Phil Brown inquired of Dick Jones how the solids, which were taken into the stomach, became divided from the liquids.

"How! why," replied Dick, "there's a small clapper at the entrance of the throat, which separates them as they're going down."

"A small clapper, ha?" returned Phil; "well, how does this clapper operate?"

"Why," said Dick, "it flies back and forth, and lets the liquids one way and the solids the other."

"Flies back and forth, ha!"

"Certainly—is there anything impossible in that?"

"Impossible? Oh, by no means—but I was just going to observe, Dick, that it must fly d—d nimble when a man is eating hasty-pudding and milk, out's all."

### THE DRUNKARD'S COMPLAINT OF THE SHORTNESS OF HIS NECK.

A jolly son of Bacchus sat,

Black Betty\* lugged with fond desire;

And, as he joined in closer chat,

The color of his nose grew higher.

Yet 'mid this warm ecstatic glow,

With all he valued in full tide,

He either felt, or fancied woe,

And plaintive thus his sorrows sighed:

"Sure, Nature, parsimonious dame!

Who shakes her thirst with rain and dew,

Meant we should play a similar game,

And wet our lips with water too.

"Else why, alas! did she bestow

A neck so short on men of note,

We scarce can feel the liquor flow

Before it's fairly down the throat?"

"Or was the dame in want of clay,

That she should make so short a route

Along the oesophageal way,

Nor any farther stretch it out?"

"Full sure the task were short enough,

With lib'ral hand, to have set in

A little longer piece of stuff

Between the bosom and the chin.

"Has not the horse a longer neck,

Who never tastes a drop of rum?

Does not the crane a longer deck,

Who never near a tavern come?"

"While I, alas! unlucky soul,

Who pleasures buy at so much cost,

Scarce to my lips can lift the bowl

Before the precious drops are lost.

"Oh, had my neck a sweet extent,

As long as Danube or the Nile!

But nay, perhaps I'd be content

E'en did it only reach a mile.

"To have it stretched I would not reck,

Could I sustain the hempen strife,

And only lengthen out my neck

Without the short'ning of my life."

Thus sighed the man in plaintive sort,

But strove the cause of grief to drown;

And as he found his neck too short,

He oft'ner poured the liquor down.

\* A name for the bottle.

AMERICAN LIFE.—Mrs. Trollope avers, in her "Refugee," that the lips of the generality of Americans are "thin and compressed." This is an accusation we never before heard brought against our countrymen; and we think we could point out to the amiable author some very plump and incontestible specimens of the contrary description.

DOCTOR DUCKWORTH.—This work, which we announced a few weeks since as being in press, is now published by Mr. Stodart, 6 Cortlandt street. It is in two duodecimo volumes, of some 240 pages each. The main design of the work is to ridicule QUACKERY in the practice of medicine; as well as the credulity of those who give encouragement to ignorance and imposture. Doctor Duckworth, the principal character, is represented as belonging to the regular faculty—a man who has studied, or at least has been in the office of a physician, for a term of years, but has brought nothing of value away with him—in short, is a downright regular built quack. He is, like many of his class, a man of great pretensions, and extraordinary popularity; while his boldness and presumption in practice are in the direct proportion to his ignorance and total unfitness for his profession.

Besides this regular quack, sundry others, which in contradistinction may be called irregular ones, figure in the work: such as a Natural Bone-setter, a Root Doctor, Cancer Curer, and the like. These irregulars are brought in contact with the regular

quack, and their quarrels and squabbles for practice are duly set forth.

The scene is laid in New England; and the peculiarities of language, manners, and customs, among the country people, are represented in the work.

In addition to the Life and Adventures of Duckworth, is given the History of a STEAM DOCTOR, the scene of whose exploits is laid in the Empire State.

The following is a sketch of the

### NATURAL BONE-SETTER.

DOCTOR PULLTOGGLE was one of those rare geniuses, known as the seventh son of a seventh son. He was born with the capacity of setting bones; or, as the people expressed it, was a natural bone-setter. He had no knowledge from books or from instruction; and he required none. What is bred in the bone, says the old saw, stays long in the flesh; and Doctor Pulltoggle could no more help being a bone-setter, than the cat in the fable, who was changed into a lady, could help running after the mouse.

Why the mere circumstance of his being the seventh son of a seventh son, should convey this extraordinary gift, nobody undertook to explain. It was a thing utterly beyond comprehension. It was a mystery, which nobody thought of looking into; but which was valued the more for being a mystery. "It is very strange," said the people, "what a faculty of setting bones this Doctor Pulltoggle has! He never looked in a surgery book in his life, but took it all up of his own head; and yet he's the slickest hand to set a bone in all New England. Why he makes no more of slipping in a dislocated joint, than a common doctor would of slipping a guinea into his pocket."

With this reputation, Doctor Pulltoggle had a good deal of practice. He was particularly famous for the cure of old cases, which were reputed to have baffled the skill of the regular surgeons. This was especially the case in regard to long-standing injuries of the joints, which, whatever their nature might be, he generally contrived to metamorphose into luxations. But, whether the cases were chronic, or recent, he knew how to make the most of them; and, by changing sprains into dislocations, to gain both money and reputation by reducing them.

He affected a sort of dexterity, or slight of hand, in his mode of operating; and would resort to various sly tricks to deceive the eyes of beholders. He wished to conceal from all others the precise moment when the bone returned to its place, as well as the peculiar manner of affecting it. Of his marvellous dexterity, in this respect, several anecdotes are still current in the circle of his practice.

But Doctor Pulltoggle did not rely altogether upon the dexterous motion of the hand, for his success and reputation in the art of bone-setting. He had invented a kind of ointment, still famous in that region, by the name of Toggle Grease—an appellation doubtless derived from his own cognomen, the first syllable having, in process of time, been lopped off for the sake of ease in pronunciation. With this grease he used to anoint the injured part for some minutes, as a preliminary step; and it is averred that, by the extraordinary powers of this ointment, the displaced bones could well nigh be induced, of their own motion, to return to their places.

Such was the reputation, and such the effects, of the Toggle Grease. But what it was made of nobody knew, except the inventor. There were indeed various conjectures about it; and certain wise persons were ready to swear positively to one or more of the ingredients.

"It is," said one, "made of devil's bit, and a number of other strong arbs, cooked in rattlesnake's ile."

"That's all you know about it," said another; "the principal ingredients, to my certain knowledge, is the marrow got out of the bones of a human man, and that is the reason it has such an effect in making people's bones come in their places."

"You're right," said a third, "about it's being the marrow of a human critter; but it isn't every human critter whose marrow will have the same effect. It must be a man that was born on the 29th day of February, just between the old and new of the moon, that never sucked a human woman, that never tasted a drop of water in his life, and at last was killed with lightning."

"And that aint all," said another; "the marrow must be tried out in a good kittle; and when the other ingredients are put in, they must all be stirred together with a bone that come out of a catamount's leg."

"Now all that," said a fifth, "is a mere fudge, and just an old woman's notion. I have good reason to know it's just no such thing. There aint a bit of human marrow, of any sort or kind, in the Toggle Grease. The foundation is the fat of a Guinea nigger, roasted alive. To this is added a little dragon's blood, a little ile of spikes, a little goose-grease, together with about twenty kinds of arbs and roots, all gathered in the dark of the moon, and simmered over a slow fire till they come to the inconsistency of ointment. I don't know exactly what the arbs may be,



but I'm sartin about the nigger's fat, and the dragon's blood—or it may be devil's blood, which I spose in all one and the same thing—and also about the goose-grease and the ile of spikes, and all them things."

Such were some of the various ideas entertained of the composition of the Toggle Grease; and indeed the inventor himself had done much to puzzle, mislead, and divide public opinion on this abstruse subject, by throwing out certain half-expressed and mysterious hints, sometimes of one kind, and sometimes another, according to the nature of his auditors. But the composition of the Toggle Grease remained a secret till the day of his death; and, though transmitted to one of his descendants, in whose hands it now remains, it still continues a secret to all the rest of the world.

When Doctor Pulltoggle could not, with propriety and safety, make dislocations of sprains, he cured them under their proper name, by the application of his ointment; and some prodigious cures are reported to have been achieved by this means. One instance in particular deserves mention, on account of its suddenness.

A young lady, in going to a sleigh ride, had been upset, and got her ankle so severely sprained, that she could not walk nor stand. It was not only very painful; but, what was worse still, she could not dance. Injuries of this kind often require weeks, and even months, in healing. To a sprightly young lady, who was regretting every moment that she was kept from the dance, this was but poor consolation. Fortunately, however, Doctor Pulltoggle, who was on a journey, happened to arrive just at the nick of time, at the inn where the sleighing party held their ball.

The unfortunate young lady was sitting in one chair, with her sprained ankle in another—groaning and bitterly lamenting her fate, while she heard the fiddling and dancing so near her, without being able to join in it. With what joy then did she hear that Doctor Pulltoggle was then in the house. She requested to see him immediately, and begged, for the love of heaven, that he would cure her ankle, so that she could rise and join in the dance.

"How! do you expect me to perform a six weeks job in half a dozen minutes?"

"I don't know how, I'm sure, doctor; but I know you can do it well enough, if you try."

"How do you know, my ducky, ha?" said Pulltoggle, chucking her under the chin.

"Oh, I know it well enough, doctor, because I've heard, time and again, of the great cures you have performed."

"You have, ha? and you think I can cure your ankle in the twanging of a fiddle, do you?"

"Yes, do now, doctor Pulltoggle, that's a good soul; you can't think how I want to be up and dancing."

"You'll give me a kiss then, I suppose, if—"

"Yes, but you must cure my ankle first."

"Well, I suppose I must try what can be done for the poor girl that wants to be shaking the foot so terribly."

Thus saying, he drew forth a box of the precious Toggle Grease, and began to anoint the red and swollen ankle; which, in less than three minutes, was reduced to its natural size and color; and the lady, springing upon her feet, began to caper round the room as though nothing had happened.

"Ah, but the kiss now!" exclaimed Pulltoggle.

"You shall have it if you can catch me," returned the patient gaily, and running into the ball-room, did more execution in the dance than any other person of the whole company.

#### COVERED DISHES—AN EPIGRAM.

"Mensus, Ole, bonus," &c. *Martial.*

Olds a splendid table sets,  
With covered dishes all complete;  
Thus any man might make a show,  
With nothing underneath to eat.

#### THE DRAMA.

PARK.—On Wednesday (19th) the opera of *Fra Diavolo* was produced at this Theatre, when Mrs. Austin and Mr. Sinclair appeared to procure for it the good opinion of the audience. They were both in good voice, and admitting the difficulties of a first performance, succeeded in producing a good effect. Mrs. Austin's cavatina "Day-light love has pass'd away," was charmingly sung, but we think not sufficiently *con spirito*. Mr. Sinclair proved himself a skilful singer, as he always does when singing such music as "Young Agnes"; yet we would rather hear him in the concert-room for, like Braham, he is only a singer. That the dramatic part of an opera is absurdity, all who attend them must be aware of, and we should abstract ourselves from every thing but the music, and never think from whence it comes, to enjoy it; but the appearance of a company of soldiers in a lady's bedroom positively startled us. By the by, Mrs. Austin played this scene with great de-

licacy, and sang her song and prayer delightfully—she may be a good bravura singer, but she is a sweet pathetic one. Mr. Reynoldson conceived and acted the vulgar Lord Goslington with much truth—his music was also given with spirit, though the fiddlers or his pipe were behind-hand at the commencement of his "buffa aria"—which is a fine piece of composition. This opera is likely to prove very successful, and though we do not think the present adaptation the best that could be brought out, who would not go to hear Auber and Rossini.

#### DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

*A wife Testimony.*—A man, whose ample dimensions showed that he could not be moved by trifles, entered a complaint against a person with a name no one could speak or write—most certainly, whose name nobody could understand from the thick, rapid, guttural speech of the complainant. His jacket, the original color of which was obscured under the sprinklings of his professional employment, proclaimed him one of the fraternity of the hod. There was *prima facie* evidence that he did not resort to the cheering influence of cold water alone, in the ascents and descents of life. It was whispered that he had even been under the correctional cognizance of the Police.

*Complainant.* I've bin nigh kilt, y'r Honor.  
*Magistrate.* You have none of the appearance of a man nearly killed.

*C.* Oh, 'twas last night, an' I'm well over it now.  
*M.* How did it happen?

*C.* I was in bed in me own room—an' the first I knowed he gin me a slap o' the cheek—he did. An' afore that, he was after quarrelling.

*M.* But you was asleep. How could you tell that?  
*C.* Me wife said it, an' I'm willing to believe it.

*M.* Where was your wife?  
*C.* In bed, y'r Honor.

*M.* And how came the person you complain of in your wife's bed-room?  
*C.* 'Twas in his own room, y'r Honor.

*M.* You have just now stated it was in your own room.  
*C.* Sure, it's his own too—an' his wife was in bed there, an' he'd bin after bating her.

*M.* Then he lives in the same room with you?  
*C.* Ixactly, y'r Honor.

*M.* And how many families occupy that room?  
*C.* Two—only two, y'r Honor—at that present time.

*M.* Was he drunk?  
*C.* He was warm, maybe, y'r Honor.

*M.* I ask you again, was he drunk?  
*C.* I suppose he was hearty.

*M.* Answer me directly. Was he drunk?  
*C.* Maybe liquor was upon him.

*M.* But you don't know the beginning of the quarrel.  
*C.* Och, I'm knowing it right well—me wife towd me the particulars on't.

*M.* You must bring your wife, or some other person, to tell me how the quarrel originated.  
*C.* Sure, I'll tell the whole on't myself.

*M.* You was asleep, and how can you tell?  
*C.* A hard thing it id be, not to believe me own wife.

The persevering complainant was at length induced to go in pursuit of a witness to the origin of the affair, but not without some slight grumbling—"it's hard me word shouldn't go."—*Bost. Atlas.*

*GRATITUDE IN A DOG.*—Brown, in his Sketches, says that a large setter, ill with the distemper, had been most tenderly nursed by a lady for three weeks. At length he became so weak as to be placed on a bed, where he remained three days in a dying situation. After a short absence, the lady, on re-entering the room, observed him to fix his eyes attentively on her, and make an effort to crawl across the bed to her. This he accomplished, evidently for the sole purpose of licking her hands, which having done, he expired without a groan. "I am as convinced," says Mr. Brown, "that the animal was sensible of his approaching dissolution, and that this was a last forcible effort to express his gratitude for the care taken of him, as I am of my own existence; and had I witnessed this proof of excellence alone, I should think a life devoted to the amelioration of the condition of dogs far too little for their deserts."—*Amer. Turf Reg.*

*EPITAPH.*—An old sailor, resident of the Marine Hospital, [where?] requested the following epitaph to be placed upon his tombstone:—

"Here I lay, as snug  
As a bug in a rug."

*A FABLE.—The two Flies.*—"Mother," said a young fly in great agitation, "you certainly are in error about the beauty of those persons who are so affronted with us whenever we touch them. I but just now settled on the cheek of a lady of high fashion, which appeared to be smooth and natural; but Lord, dear

mother! I thought I should never get back to you again, for I stuck in this filthy red mud, and with the greatest difficulty I got away. Only look at my feet and legs!"

*ANECDOTE.*—A pretty little brunette of fourteen was passing along the street a few days since, when she was accosted by a strange man, rather the worse for liquor, who inquired if her mother was as black as she was? "I believe not," was the reply. "But pray tell me if your father is as blue as you are?"

*"PUTTING IN MIND."*—This common phrase was used by a Hibernian a day or two since, in rather a ludicrous connexion. Pat was driving pigs on Low-ell street, when Barney met him, and after the usual interchange of "How d'ye do?" and "Sure it's myself that's glad to see you;" Barney pointed to one of the quadrupeds, with, "It's a fine pig that sore, Patrick." "It is that same, Barney—which puts me in mind of asking for your wife, the crathur; is she well, now?"

*A NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE.*—A country pedagogue once having the misfortune to have his school-house burnt down, was obliged to remove to a new one; here he reprimanded one of his boys, who mis-spelt a number of words, by telling him he did not spell so correctly as when he was in the old school-house. "Well, thomhow or 'nother," said the urchin, with a scowl, "I can't egghackly git the hang o' this're new thkool-house."—*paper.*

*ANECDOTES.*—"A friend in need, is a friend indeed."—The late Dr. Hunter of Edinburgh, Professor of Divinity, was solicited by a Rev. Doctor, deep in the moderate interest of the Church, for his support in a question which was coming before the Assembly. The Professor replied, "Why, Doctor B—de, I will undoubtedly support you, if, after I have heard the cause pled, I find you in the right." To this the applicant replied, "Right, Doctor—right! D'ye really think I would have travelled seventy-two miles from D—ries to seek your support of the right? It's because I'm in the wrong, that I ask your vote as a favour."

*LEGAL PUN.*—Lord Lyndhurst, at the last Kingston Assizes, perpetrated an excellent pun. In a prosecution for counterfeiting money, a gardener, who had discovered one of the implements used for the purpose, was examined by Mr. Clarkson. "So, sir," said the Learned Counsel, "you went to sow the seeds of this prosecution." "No, Mr. Clarkson," said Lord Lyndhurst, (who presided on the Bench) "he only found the mould."—*Eng. paper.*

*EQUESTRIAN COMMERCE.*—"How shall I sell my horse?" said a jockey to an acquaintance; "his tail came off in less than six hours after I bought him."—"Sell him by wholesale, for no honorable man will re-tail him," was the reply.

#### MARY OF BURGUNDY;

OR, THE REVOLT OF GHEENT.

We cannot hesitate in calling this decidedly the very best romance that Mr. James has produced. The mystery and the interest are alike well sustained, and the principal character delineated with a degree of dramatic power that marks those happier creations of the author, which stand out from the common run of fictitious heroes. Albert Maurice, the young burgher, is a noble conception, well filled up, and in good keeping with the time when the demarcations of society were so badly drawn, and yet oftentimes suddenly reversed. The period, too, is one of much attraction. \* \* \* These volumes present a most animated picture of the period, with its tumults and troubles, its forests swarming with freebooters, its nobles still looking upon themselves as earth's favored ones, its burghers growing every day more conscious of their importance; and the one or two of higher-toned minds, who, inspired by patriotism, planned more important schemes for the benefit of their own native lands and towns. Such are the materials which have been wrought out with animation worthy of those stirring days; while the repose of so sweet and gentle a being as Mary of Burgundy is in excellent relief to the darker shadows of the picture. The ensuing passages may shew with what grace the embellishments are thrown in. We shall only premise, that Albert Maurice is the young burgher on whose talent and influence with his fellow-citizens most of the story turns:—

"Every one knows that, in the early dawn of a Sicilian morning, the shepherds and the watchers on the coast of the Messinese Strait will sometimes behold, in the midst of the clear unclouded blue of the sky, a splendid but delusive pageant, which is seen also, though in a less livid form, amongst the Hebrides. Towers and castles, domes and palaces, festal and processions, arrayed armies and contending hosts, pass, for a few minutes, in brilliant confusion before the eyes of the beholders, and then fade away, as if the scenes of another world, for some especial purpose, conjured up for a moment, and then withdrawn for ever from their sight. Thus there are times, too, in the life of man, when the spirit, excited by some great and stirring passion, or by mingling with mighty and portentous events, seems to gain for a brief instant a confused but magnificent view of splendid things not yet in being. Imagination in the one case, and hope in the other, give form and distinctness to the airy images, though both are too soon

doomed to fade away amidst the colder realities of the stern world we dwell in. The mind of Albert Maurice had been excited by the scenes he had just gone through; and success, without making him arrogant, had filled him full of hope. Each step that he took forward seemed but to raise him higher, and each effort of an enemy to crush him, seemed, without any exertion of his own, but to clear the way before him. Such thoughts were mingling with other feelings—brought forth by the sight, and the voice, and the smile of Mary of Burgundy, when the sudden call to her presence woke him from such dreams; but woke him only to shew to his mind's eye a thousand confused but bright and splendid images, as gay, as glittering, as pageant-like, but as unreal also, as the airy vision which hangs in the morning light over the Sicilian seas. Fancy at once called up every thing within the wide range of possibility—battles and victories, and triumphant success, the shout of nations and of worlds, the sceptre, the palace, and the throne, with a thousand indistinct ideas of mighty things, danced before his eyes for a moment, with a sweeter and brighter image, too, as the object and end of ambition, the reward of mighty endeavour, the crowning boon of infinite success. But still he felt and knew, even while he dreamed, that it was all unreal; and, as he followed the messenger with a quick pace, the vision faded, and left him but the cold and naked truth. At length, after passing through several chambers which flanked the hall of the audience, the door of a small apartment, called the bower, was thrown open, and the young burgher stood once more before Mary of Burgundy. One of the most painful curses of high station is that of seldom, if ever, being alone; of having no moment, except those intended for repose, in which to commune with one's own heart, without the oppression of some human eye watching the emotions of the mind as they act upon the body, and keeping sentinel over the heart's index—the face. Mary of Burgundy was not alone, though as much alone as those of her station usually are: she stood near a window, at the other side of the apartment, with her soft rounded arm and delicate hand twined in those of one of her fair attendants—Alice of Imbercourt—on whom she leaned slightly, while the Lord of Imbercourt himself stood beside her on the other hand; and, with his stately head somewhat bent, seemed, with all due reverence, to give her counsel upon some private matter of importance."

How beautifully the next landscape is blended with human associations!—

"It was towards that period of the year which the French call the short summer of St. Martin, from the fact of a few lingering bright days of sunshiny sweetness breaking in upon the autumn, as a memorial of the warmer season gone before. The sky was full of light, and the air full of heat; and the grand masses of high grey clouds that occasionally floated over the sun were hailed gladly for their soft cool shadow, although the day was the eleventh of November. Sweeping over the prospect, like the mighty but indistinct images of great things and splendid purposes that sometimes cross a powerful but imaginative mind, the shadows of the clouds moved slow over hill and dale, field and forest. Now they cast large masses of the woods into dark and gloomy shade, and left the rising grounds around to stand forth in light and sparkling brightness, giving no bad image of the dark memories that are in every heart, surrounded but not effaced by after-joys. Now they floated soft upon the mountains, spreading an airy purple over each dell and cavity; while, pouring into the midst of the valley, the bright orb of day lighted up tower, and town, and farm, and hamlet, and village spire, as hope lights up the existence of man, even while the many clouds of fate hang their heaviest shadows on his prospect round about him. The harmonious blue of autumn, too, was over all the world. Sunset was the livery of the year; and the brown fields, preparing for the sower, offered only a deeper hue of the same colour, which, though varied through a thousand shades, still painted every tree throughout the woods, and sobered down even the grassy meadows with a tint far different from that of spring. The sky, with the sunshine that it contained, was all summer; but the aspect of every thing that it looked upon, spoke of autumn sinking fast in the arms of winter."

*NAUTICAL SKILL.*—Mr. Rush thus describes his entrance of the port of Cowes, on reaching England.

"The first gleams of light disclosed land. A gun was fired, which brought a pilot. All eyes were upon him as he passed along the deck. The first person that comes on ship-board after a voyage, seems like a new link to human existence. When he took his station at the helm, I heard the commanders ask how the Needles bore? 'Ahead north,' he answered.—'Do you take the ship through them?' 'Ay.' 'Does the wind set right and have you enough?' 'Ay.'—This closed all dialogue as far as I heard. He remained at his post, giving his laconic orders. In good time we approached the Needles—the spectacle was grand. Our officers gazed with admiration; the very men, who swarmed upon the deck, made a pause to look upon the giddy height. The most exact steering seemed necessary to save the ship from the sharp rocks that compress the waters in the narrow strait below. But she passed easily through. There is something imposing in entering England by this access. I afterwards entered at Dover, in a packet, from Calais; my eye fixed upon the sentinels as they slowly paced the height. But those cliffs, bold as they are, and immortalized by Shakespeare, did not equal the passage through the Needles."



## THE HAPLESS ONES.

The beautiful and feeling verses annexed are from the gifted pen of Mrs. Sigourney. Her muse is most vigorous and effective on subjects like the present. Indeed, what heart, capable of poetic inspiration, would be untouched by such a scene as is here recorded?

She "upon whose soul affliction's thrice-wreath'd chain is laid"—to quote the well-chosen language of the writer—is Julia Erce, the interesting girl resident at the Asylum, who is at once deaf, dumb, and blind. Our readers will remember an affecting account of this desolate yet contented fellow-being, contained in No. 7 of the last volume of the *Atlas*.—N. Y. *Atlas*.

We have been favoured with a copy of the following letter and poetry.—*Hartford, Monday, June 3, 1833.*

Dr. Howe: My dear Sir—Will you permit me to prove to you the impression made on my feelings by your graphic description of the meeting of your pupils with those of our Asylum—by sending you a few stanzas which were thus prompted? I have also copied them this morning for the Editor of the *Juvenile Miscellany* in this city, hoping they might aid in leading towards your excellent Institution, the attention and sympathy of some among the many young minds with whom that talented work comes in contact.

The bearer of this is a young Sciote, who goes to perfect himself in the art of printing, at the University press in Cambridge. He is a fine little fellow of fifteen, of correct principles and habits, and impressed with the most grateful respect for you, on account of the services rendered to his suffering country.

Remember me to the pupils by whom you were accompanied while here; and believe me yours, with high esteem and regard, L. H. SIGOURNEY.

On the meeting of the Blind People, from the Institution at Boston, with the deaf and dumb, and the deaf, dumb and blind, at the Asylum in Hartford, May 27, 1833.

A mingled group, from distant homes,  
In youth and health and hope are here,  
But yet some latent evil seems  
To mark their lot with frown severe;  
And One there is—upon whose soul  
Affliction's thrice-wreath'd chain is laid,  
Mute Stranger, 'mid a world of sound,  
And lock'd in midnight's deepest shade.

And 'mid that group, her curious hands  
O'er brow and tress intently stray;  
Hath sympathy her heart-strings wrung,  
That sadly thus she turns away?  
Her mystic thoughts we may not tell,  
For inaccessible and lone,  
No eye explores their hermit-cell,  
Save that which lights the Eternal Throne.

But they of silent lip rejoice'd  
In bright Creation's boundless store,  
In sun and moon and peopled shade,  
And flowers that gem Earth's verdant floor.  
In fond affection's speaking smile,  
In graceful motion's waving line,  
And all those charms that Beauty adds  
On human form and face divine.

While they, to whom the orb of day  
Was quenched in "ever-during dark,"  
Ador'd that intellectual ray  
Which writes the Sun a glow-worm spark;  
And in that blest communion joy'd  
Which thought to thought doth deftly bind,  
And bid the useless tongue exchange  
The never-wasted wealth of mind.

And closer to their souls they bound  
The bliss of music's raptur'd thrill,  
That linked melody of sound  
Which gives to Man the seraph's skill.  
So they, on whose young brows had turn'd  
The warmth of Pity's tearful gaze,  
Each, in his broken censer burn'd  
The incense of exulting praise.

Yes—they whom kind compassion deem'd,  
Scanty with Nature's gifts endued,  
Pond'ring freshets from their bosom's fount,  
The gushing tide of gratitude;  
And with that tide, a moral flow'd,  
A deep reproof to those who share,  
Of light, and sound, and speech, the bliss,  
Yet coldly thank the Giver's care.

## ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS.

From the N. Y. *Atlas*.

Thus the London Literary Gazette of the 11th ult. entitles its notice of two recent works—one by a citizen of the U. S. who had visited England, and now publishes his observations; the other by an Englishman, who has in like manner recorded his trip to America. We add the titles of their respective volumes.

"Narrative of a Residence at the Court of London. By Richard Rush, Esq. Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America, from 1817 to 1825."

"Observations on Professions, Literature, Manners, and Emigration in the United States and Canada, made during a residence there in 1832. By the Rev. Isaac Fidler."

Our present design is not so much to present to our readers specimens of each, as to add another to the illustrations which the *Atlas* has already afforded of the temper in which the United States are regarded by transatlantic writers. The remarks of the Literary Gazette evince an improvement in its candour and liberality of feeling; although it has never to our knowledge, taken the hostile part of very many of its countrymen.

With this preface we annex the principal parts of the remarks of the L. G.; with such extracts from the authors noticed, as are necessary to a proper understanding of them.

We have headed this notice "English and American Authors," with mingled sensations of pleasure and regret; of pleasure, at having to review the opinions of a well educated and enlightened American gentleman, when treating of England; and of regret, in being forced to contrast them with the statements of an English author, speaking of America in a tone the reverse of liberal, unprejudiced, and conciliatory. We might well, indeed, find, an apology in the different qualities of the two writers, and in the truth that, after all, the matter is individual, not national; for an Englishman of Mr. Rush's rank, sense, and intelligence, would have described America with a similar feeling to his picture of England; while an American of Mr. Fidler's calibre would have placed England in a similar light to that Rev. person's perceptions of Yankee blots and imperfections.

The question, indeed, is hardly worth discussion, were men of enlarged minds alone concerned; but the effect of the reiterated attacks upon America by English writers, and the so frequent exhibition of the country in ridiculous points of view, is calculated to produce so much popular mischief, that we cannot help lamenting the occurrence, and deprecating the soreness which it produces on the other side of the Atlantic. We do not mean to say that this soreness is wise or temperate; but under all circumstances, it is natural; and it were well that the same cause did not so perpetually renew its excitement. The people of the United States could readily afford to laugh at the absurdity of their assailants. They might with much show of reason, ask them, what nation existed wherein peculiarities did not abound, which appeared to be censurable or foolish to foreigners, who tried them by the test of their own familiar customs and inherent prejudices. They might further inquire of the English travellers, if common sense ought to apply to the standard of London society, and the extreme civilization of Europe, to new settlements in a new country, just reclaimed or reclaiming from the boundless dominion of Nature. If so why not compare England with China? and, by the same mode of ratiocination, discover that the English people were mere brutes, the women they held up to admiration monsters, with feet beyond all measure, their food next in abomination to cannibalism, their institutions licentious, their presumption and self-deceit ludicrous, their persons filthy and their souls in darkness? The grand error of human life is not simply that we cannot see ourselves as others see us; but that few can even try to see others as they see themselves. We are Epicureans in our own cases, Cynics to all else.

And this principle will account for much of the silly estimates which have been published respecting the American character, and for something of the bitterness with which they have been resented. The best and the best informed of both hemispheres repudiate both; and we rejoice in being able to hold up Mr. Rush as a laudable example of the class which can observe faults at home and abroad without asperity, and hail the virtues which are common to every quarter and portion of the civilized world.

As this work has not yet reached us in an entire form, we can do no more than report upon its excellent spirit, and give a few specimens of its style and contents with the first hundred pages, reserving the remainder for a second notice. Mr. Rush sailed for England in the Franklin, rated seventy-four but mounting ninety guns, in November, 1817, and arrived at Cowes after a gloomy voyage. This incident is finely told.

Our preliminary remarks have pointed to the difference between liberal construction and captious fault-finding, and we have briefly shown our obligation to Mr. Rush for his indulgence in the former vein. Let us now demonstrate how easy it would have been for him to revel in the latter, and, with a very little ill nature, to have exhibited some of our national features in a caricature and unestimable light. When the American plenipotentiary, after remaining on board of his ship in the road two days, landed at Portsmouth, by some oversight the necessary orders had not come down from London for the passage of his baggage, and he states—

"When we reached the shore, *lido-waiters* advanced to take possession of my baggage. They were informed of my public character. This did not turn them from their purpose. The national ship from which I had embarked was in view; her colours flying. Still they alleged that having received no orders to the contrary they must inspect my baggage. I said to Commodore Stewart that, strictly, they were right, and directed my servant to deliver it. There was but little, the principal part having been left on board to await the permit of exemption. It might have been supposed that these guardians of the revenue would have satisfied their sense of duty by a merely formal examination of what was delivered so readily. Not so; carpet bags were ransacked; the folds of linen opened, as if Brussels lace had been hidden in them; small portmanteaus peered into, as if contraband lurked in every corner. Nothing was overlooked. A few books brought for amusement on the voyage were taken possession of, and I had to go without them. I should have been disposed to make complaint of this meek official fidelity and subaltern folly, but from an unwillingness to begin my public career with a complaint. And I remembered to have heard Mr. Adams say, that when the allied sovereigns visited England after the battle of Waterloo, their baggage were inspected at Dover, the order for exemption having, by an inadvertence, not been sent."

What a fine occasion for a common grumbling traveller to vent all his anger upon the stupidity, imper-

tinence, &c. &c., of the people who had so impeded his progress!—a regular John Bull would not have been reconciled to the affront during a courteous residence for six months; but Mr. Rush took it very calmly and coolly, like a wise man and a rational being. The same when the Portsmouth bell-ringers, to use the phraseology of these worthies, "did him;" which is good humoredly described.

"Whilst seated round our parlor fire in the evening, fatigued by the excitements we had gone through, and waiting the summons to dinner, we heard the bells. It was a fine chime, to which we all listened. My wife was especially fond of the music. Sometimes the sound grew faint, and then, from a turn in the wind, came back in peals. We knew not the cause. It passed in our thoughts that the same bells might have wrung their hurrahs for the victories of Hawke and Nelson; 'May be' said one of the party, 'for Sir Cloudesley Shovel's too.' Thus musing an unexpected piece of intelligence found its way into our circle. We were given to understand that they were ringing on the occasion of my arrival; a compliment to my station to which I had not looked.

We went to our first dinner in England under a continuation of the peals. The cloth removed, we had a glass or two to our country and friends, after which we returned to our sitting room. When all were re-assembled there, an intimation was given me, that 'the royal bell-ringers were in waiting in the hall desirous of seeing me. They did not ask admittance, I was told, but at my pleasure, I directed them to be shown in at once, beginning now to understand the spring to the compliment. Eight men with coats reaching down to their heels, hereupon slowly entered. They ranged themselves one after another in a solemn line along the wall. Every thing being adjusted, the spokesman at their head broke silence with the following intelligible address.

He said that they had come, 'with the due customary respects, to wish me joy on my safe arrival in Old England as ambassador extraordinary from the United States, hoping to receive from me the usual favor, such as they had received from other ambassadors, for which they had their book to show. Their book was a curiosity. It looked like a venerable heirloom of office. There were in it the names of I know not how many ambassadors, ministers, and other functionaries, arriving from foreign parts, through the lapse of I know not how many ages, with the donations annexed to each. *Magna Charta* itself is not a more important document to the liberties of England, than this book to the royal bell-ringers of Portsmouth! I cheerfully gave to the good humored fraternity the gratuity which their efforts in their vocation appeared to have drawn from so many others under like circumstances. So, and with other incidents, passed my first day in England."

A similar imposition awaited his reception at court; and as it may be news to our readers, as to us, we copy the account:—

Since my reception, I have had calls from servants of official persons for 'favours.' I became acquainted with the term at Portsmouth. They had no warrant from their masters, but came under ancient custom. There have also been to me flatteries more nearly allied to the Portsmouth bell-ringers, as the 'palace drums and fife,' the 'royal waits and music,' and a third, the derivation of which I could not understand and which no external signs that I saw bespoke—the 'king's marrow bones and cleavers.'

Each presented me with a congratulatory address; each had their 'book to show.' They all have something to do with out-door arrangements when levees are held. These contributions upon the diplomatic stranger awakened, at first, my surprise, I afterwards heard what, perhaps, may serve as explanatory.—Ambassadors on leaving England, receive from the government a present of a thousand pounds, and ministers plenipotentiary five hundred. If, then, on their arrival, and afterwards there are appeals to their bounty by those in menial and such like situations about the government, the latter, it seems, pays back again! I do not hint that it does so in the light of an indemnification; but the customs harmonize. True, the minister plenipotentiary of the United States never takes the five hundred pounds, the constitution of his country forbidding it; but that is a point which, it may be presumed, he does not stop to expound to the servants of the foreign secretary, or the 'royal waits and music.' It would doubtless be to them a novel plea in bar for not putting his hand in his pocket! Whenever he pays for music he must consider himself as having an equivalent in its 'silver sounds.'

What materials are here for a querulous, discontented author! How he might cut up the country, the rascally *lido-waiters*, the vagabond bell-ringers, the imposing hangers-on near royalty itself! But Mr. Rush exercised the feelings of a gentleman, his intelligence enabled him to perceive that such idle tricks were not national foibles; he laughed at the anomalous absurdities, so different from any thing in his native land; but he did not abuse the whole country where he experienced their inconvenience and grossness.

Now turn we to Mr. Fidler, an Episcopalian clergyman, who, with his wife and two children, enamoured of the United States by report, emigrated with the design of settling in that abode of freedom, equality, independence, plenty, and every earthly blessing unalloyed. Having preconceived the most exaggerated ideas of transatlantic perfectibility which had already been attained, he still fancied he could augment it by teaching the Eastern tongues to the inhabitants of New-York and Boston. He was grievously disappointed, and went through the Union squabbling with

every citizen, male or female, with whom he met, and has now produced a volume to prove that Mrs. Trollope almost flattered the Americans, and our worthy friend Capt. Hall was most forbearing in his expositions of their imperfections.

On landing at New-York, Mr. Fidler found every thing very dear, a dangerous disorder raging, and no call for his labours, either in teaching Persian or Hindostanee, or in the pulpit. The Yankees were all so busy money-making, that they had no time to learn languages for which they had no use, unless they went to Isbahan or Calcutta on purpose; and our well-meaning countryman discovered, when too late, that he had been inflated with considerable erroneous notions.

"The native Americans, (he pronounces in one of his disputes,) sit wrapped up in self-complacency, and inhale the grateful fragrance of slavish adulation. The swindler, the profligate, the idle, the disaffected—who they have deprived others of their property, or who have squandered their own—find that the price of American patronage is cheaply paid: they flatter and falsify. A person of higher principles, who is able by his talents and industry to maintain himself in Europe, will never stoop to this sort of baseness."

One wonders how a stranger, even though a clergyman, escaped personal chastisement when he ventured to utter such a tirade. It would be perilous to do so in England.

At pages 64 and 73 we suspect that Mr. Fidler contradicts himself, when he mentions a stranger sending up a book by way of introduction, and then asserts that he had not brought a copy with him; but this is of small moment. Our author goes to Boston, where he discovers equal ignorance and equal arrogance. The only thing he praises there are 'stewed oysters,' of which he says, 'I partook in memory of a parting supper which I once ate in company with my much revered preceptor, the Rev. James Tate, of Richmond.'

Except the Wesleyans, Mr. Fidler accuses the American Methodists of every species of vice and political intrigue. According to him, they are illiterate and dangerous demagogues:—

"They are (he asserts) striving to accomplish in the British provinces what American skill and prowess unavailingly essayed. They are concerting schemes for the expulsion of English influence, and the establishment of Republican institutions and plans of government."

Mr. F. was appointed to a mission in Canada, which he tells us was that "which I had earnestly longed for, and I accepted it immediately. But, at the same time, I mentioned that my final acceptance of it must still depend on Mrs. F.'s pleasure, whom I had induced to cross the ocean much against her wish, and who seemed resolute on returning as speedily as possible."

[Having returned to New-York to confer with his wife, Mr. F. disclosed the issue of his journey. He proceeds:—]

"My tale was told in a propitious moment, and imbibed with an approving ear. One only stipulation was proposed and agreed to, that I would resign if required. I wrote the next morning to the bishop, and announced my acceptance of the mission. We packed up the articles we deemed essential, and were on our journey to Canada in the course of a week."

The accommodations at the mission, however, did not suit the lady's taste; and the poor husband goes on to tell:—

"We took possession of our lodgings. Dissatisfaction, however, soon evinced itself. She grew more and more averse every hour to continue, and her first impressions could never be effaced.

Our usual drink was tea, into which a little whiskey or brandy had been infused. Sometimes a little wine and water. Mrs. F. occasionally procured ale for herself, at the price of eight pence per quart.

I perceived, from the very first, that my return was unavoidable, from my hasty promise, which frequency of mention permitted me not to forget.

Mrs. F. felt uncomfortable, and so frequently and loudly complained, that I often participated in her feelings, when otherwise I should have experienced the reverse."

And he philosophises on all the relative senses of the word comfort—as if he could comprehend the subject, with his amusing helpmate. *Et. gr.* "The only thing during our Canadian residence with which Mrs. F. seemed to be amused, was the frequent visits which the cows and sheep of our landlady made into the forests and pastures of other people, and which her neighbours' cows and sheep made into hers."

And this source of entertainment to his wife, leads the author to relate a story of a cow, as follows:

"My father had a cow which could draw her own milk. She was no doubt delighted with the flavor of it, for she practised the sucking of herself every day. She grew quite plump, and was a subject of wonder at the small quantity of milk she yielded, and at her sleek appearance. She was detected one day in the very act, after which a wood collar was suspended round her neck, which prevented her continuing it.—She afterwards gave more milk, but decreased in fatness. Such cows are best fitted for Canadian pastures, when disposed to take holiday in the woods."

But our readers, we are sure, must be satisfied both with the lady and the gentleman, of whom, therefore, we now take our leave; concluding that there can be but one opinion either of the spirit or the merit of the volumes to which we have alluded; and that though a national pride cannot be raised by the comparison, justice commands us to declare that we would not give a Rush for a Fidler.



## MR. TRELAWNEY.

A report that this gentleman was in this country has been noticed, but with a doubt of its authenticity. Since that time, testimony from various quarters assures us of the confidence of many intelligent persons that the report was well founded. It is at least established that some one who passes for Mr. T. has been travelling in different parts of the United States, and in Canada. The Cincinnati Chronicle specially informs us that he has been in that city, and we hear of him as fallen in with, if we mistake not, by the Editor of the Portland Advertiser, in his recent tour, and by others.

Mr. T. is favourably known to the literary world by his "Adventures of a Younger Son;" and is recollected as a companion of Lord Byron in his days of political as well as poetic celebrity.

One of the most prominent events in the life of Mr. T. and which was nearly its closing scene, is thus related in Dr. Howe's "Historical Sketch of the Greek Revolution."

"The next object was to get possession of the grotto or mountain retreat of Ulysses; and it was a most difficult one to accomplish; for force could not effect it; starvation could not, for it was well supplied with provisions; and as for fraud, it was not to be expected, for the cavern was held by an Englishman, Trelawney, who had so far ingratiated himself with Ulysses as to obtain the hand of his sisters, and he now bid all Greece defiance. The capture of it was effected only after much lost time, and the occurrence of deeds within it, the relation of which would appear more like romance than history. Trelawney, after having been desperately wounded,\* and perhaps getting fatigued with his solitary situation, retired with his young bride, and passed to the Ionian islands.

\* This affair has been variously represented, and as the character of some Englishmen, and an American, as well as that of Mavrocordato, must depend something upon the explanation given of it; and as my acquaintance with the parties gave me an opportunity to know all the particulars, I am induced to give them. Ulysses had, in the opinion of many, been false to his country; he had, it was confidently asserted, tried to procure the assassination of Mavrocordato; at any rate, he was virtually setting the government at defiance, though keeping up the appearance of submission. His favorite resort and strong hold, and which he preferred to the Acropolis of Athens, was a remarkable cavern on Mount Parnassus, the entrance to which cannot be attained, except by climbing up a precipice by the help of ladders; it is very spacious, and contains in one of the apartments a living spring, and the rocks so hang down over the mouth of it, that no shot or bomb can be thrown into it; it is divided by nature into different apartments, and art has formed store rooms, magazines, and every necessary for the reception of a supply of provisions for years. Trelawney was left by Ulysses in possession of this cavern.

Fenton was a Scot, a young man endowed with great personal advantages, but a cold-blooded deliberate ruffian; he was admitted to the cavern by Trelawney, and became his pretended friend; he soon offered to go to Napoli and act as a spy upon the government; but he was, at the same time, in correspondence with government, through the agency of Mr. Jarvis, and had offered to procure the capture or death of Ulysses, and the delivery of the cavern into the hands of government, on the payment of a certain sum. Being informed by Jarvis that his plan would be listened to, Fenton started for Napoli. On arriving at Napoli, he had several interviews with Mavrocordato; what plans were agreed upon is not known; this is known, that in some of his letters to Jarvis, Fenton had offered to kill Ulysses and Trelawney, if necessary. After making his arrangements with government through Mavrocordato, secretary of state, Fenton, in order the better to conceal from the inmates of the cavern, that he had been plotting treason against them, induced the government to issue a public order for him to quit Napoli in two hours, as being a suspicious person. He then went in the cave and told Trelawney every thing, and that he had persuaded government he was sincere in his offer to murder his friend and benefactor; of course Trelawney would discredit any accounts he might hear of it, as he could not conceive such baseness possible. Still Fenton went on hatching his plot, and the strangest part of the story is, that he chose for the instrument of his crime, a young Englishman of family and education, and that the arch villain should be able to persuade him to it. His victim (for I must call Whitcomb the victim) was about nineteen years of age, had been a midshipman in the British service, and had come to Greece burning with enthusiasm for her cause, and still more with a desire to distinguish himself by some daring act; he was full of vanity and ambition, daring and headstrong, indeed, but generous and proud; and I believe, would then have shuddered at the bare thought of what he was afterwards induced to commit. He left the party of soldiers with which we were, and in the mere spirit of wandering, went to the cavern of Ulysses; he was met by Fenton, and carried up the cavern. In one single day Whitcomb became the admirer of Fenton; thought him the noblest, the most romantic, the bravest of men; in one day more he thought him injured and abused by Trelawney, learned to hate Trelawney, believed that Trelawney despised him, and meditated injuring him; and on the third day he swore eternal friendship to Fenton, and that he would stand by him at all hazards, in any attempt to regain what he believed his rights. Still, Fenton dared not propose

his horrid plan; he had wound his coil about his victim, but feared that the spring of virtue might not yet be poisoned. Two days more were passed in riot and drinking, and Whitcomb was excited by wild plans of power, and of becoming prince of the surrounding province, if Fenton could become master of the cavern, and there was only Trelawney in the way. On the sixth day they were to meet Trelawney after dinner on the ledge, in front of the cavern, to practice pistol firing; this was the moment Fenton chose for the execution of his plan; he got Whitcomb intoxicated, and made him believe that he feared Trelawney had a plot to murder them both. Whitcomb swore to stand by his friend to the last, and promised to be ready on any signal. It was Trelawney's first life, and after hitting the mark, he went a little forward, and in his usual cold, unsocial way, stood with his back to them; Fenton raised his carbine, (which was not loaded,) and pointing it at Trelawney, snapped—he looked with pretended dismay at Whitcomb, as begging him to second him, cocked and snapped again: 'He turned upon me such a look—I knew not what I did—I raised my gun, pulled the trigger, and fell from my own emotions;' these were the words of the mad boy, who had become all but an assassin. Two balls with which his gun was loaded, had lodged in the back of Trelawney, and he was apparently dying.

The soldiers rushed in, and Whitcomb heard the voice of Fenton, who was supporting Trelawney, crying, 'There is the young traitor; shoot him, cut him down, do not let him speak;' but Whitcomb ran, gained an inner apartment, and taking off his sash, fastened it, and threw himself over the precipice. By some strange means he got safely to the bottom; after running some time he was met by some soldiers of Ulysses, and carried back to the cavern half-distracted. On entering, he asked, 'Where is Fenton?' 'At your feet;' and he looked down upon his bleeding corpse. There was a Swiss in the cavern who had seen the transaction; he had seen the emotion of Whitcomb before the affair, and could not believe he committed the act; and when he heard Fenton crying out to kill him, without letting him speak, he became convinced; he ordered a soldier to fire upon him; the ball just passed Fenton's head—he turned round quickly, and seeing the Swiss, whom he knew to be a dead shot, aiming another musket at him—without showing the least emotion, he turned fully in front of him, put his hand on his breast, and cried, 'Fire again, I am ready;' received the ball through his heart, fell, rolled upon his face, and expired without a groan. Whitcomb was put in irons, and kept in till Trelawney, against all human expectation, recovered a little. He ordered him to be brought before him, his irons taken off, and he set at liberty; nor did he seem to have the least idea that Whitcomb had fired upon him, and he continued to treat him kindly.—Whitcomb said, 'I could not stand this generosity; I confessed to him the whole; I even gave him in writing, and he dismissed me. Trelawney recovered, and Whitcomb is ruined and desperate; he has blighted the hopes of his highly respectable mother, and wounded the pride of his brave brothers, who are officers of the British army.'

## A MOSQUITO WAR.

By Captain Basil Hall.

The gallant Captain speaks feelingly on his subject, but his style is in some instances less commendable for chasteness than for spirit.

"The process of getting into bed in India is one requiring great dexterity, and not a little scientific engineering. As the curtains are carefully tucked in close under the mattress, all round, you must decide at what part of the bed you choose to make your entry. Having surveyed the ground, and clearly made up your mind on this point, you take in your right hand a kind of brush, or switch, generally made of a horse's tail; or, if you be tolerably expert, a towel may answer the purpose. With your left hand you then seize that part of the skirt of the curtain which is thrust under the bedding at the place you intend to enter, and, by the light of the cocoa-nut-oil lamp (which burns on the floor of every bed-room in Hindustan), you first drive away the mosquitoes from your immediate neighbourhood, by whisking round your horse-tail; and, before proceeding further, you must be sure you have effectually driven your enemy back. If you fail in this matter, your repose is effectually dashed for that night; for these confounded animals—it is really difficult to keep from swearing, even at the recollection of the villains, though at the distance of ten thousand miles from them—these well-cursed animals, then, appear to know perfectly well what is going to happen, and assemble with the vigour and bravery of the flank companies appointed to head a storming party, ready in one instant to rush into the breach, careless alike of horse-tail and towels. Let it be supposed, however, that you have successfully beaten back the enemy. You next promptly form an opening, not a hair's breadth larger than your own person, into which you leap, like harlequin through a hoop, or, to borrow Jack's phrase, 'as if the devil kicked you on and off.' Of course, with all the speed of intense fear, you close up the gap through which you have shot yourself into your sleeping quarters. If all these arrangements have been well managed, you may amuse yourself for a while by scoffing at, and triumphing over the clouds of baffled mosquitoes outside, who dash themselves against the meshes of the net, in vain attempts to enter your sanctum. If, however, for your sins, any one of their number has succeeded in entering the place along with yourself, he is not such an ass as to betray his presence

while you are flushed with victory, wide awake, and armed with the means of his destruction. Far from this, the scoundrel allows you to chuckle over your fancied great doings, and to lie down with all the complacency and fallacious security of your conquest, and under the false assurance of enjoying a tranquil night's rest. Alas for such green optics hopes! Scarcely have you dropped gradually from the visions of the day to the yet more blessed visions of the night, and the last faint effort of your eye-lids has been quite overcome by the gentle pressure of sleep, when, in decalful slumber, you hear something like the sound of trumpets. Straightway your imagination is kindled, and you fancy yourself in the midst of a fierce fight, and struggling, not against petty insects, but against armed men and thundering cannon! In the excitement of the mortal conflict of your dream, you awake, not displeased, maybe, to find that you are safe and snug in bed. But in the next instant what is your dismay, when you are again saluted by the odious notes of a mosquito close at your ear! The perilous flight of the previous dream, in which your honour had become pledged, and your life at hazard, is all forgotten in the pressing reality of this waking calamity. You resolve to do or die, and not to sleep, or even attempt to sleep, till you have finally overcome the enemy. Just as you made this manly resolve, and, in order to deceive the foe, have pretended to be fast asleep, the wary mosquito is again heard, circling over you at a distance, but gradually coming nearer and nearer in a spiral descent, and at each turn gaining upon you one inch, till, at length, he almost touches your ear, and, as you suppose, is just about to settle upon it. With a sudden jerk, and full of wrath, you bring up your hand, and give yourself such a box on the ear as would have staggered the best friend you have in the world, and might have crushed twenty thousand mosquitoes, had they been there congregated. Being convinced that you have now done for him, you mutter between your teeth one of those satisfactory little apologies for an oath which indicate gratified revenge, and down you lie again. In less than ten seconds, however, the very same fellow whom you fondly hoped you had executed, is again within hail of you, and you can almost fancy there is scorn in the tone of his abominable hum. You, of course, watch his motions still more intently than before, but only by the ear, for you can never see him. We shall suppose that you fancy he is aiming at your left hand; indeed, as you are almost sure of it, you wait till he has ceased his song, and then give yourself another smack, which, I need not say, proves quite as fruitless as the first. About this stage of the action you discover, to your horror, that you have been soundly bit in the ear and in both heels, but when or how you cannot tell. These wounds, of course, put you into a fine rage, partly from the pain, and partly from the insidious manner in which they have been inflicted. Up you spring on your knees—not to pray, Heaven knows!—but to fight. You seize your horse's tail with spiteful rage, and after whisking it round and round, and cracking it in every corner of the bed, you feel pretty certain you must at last have demolished your friend. In this unequal warfare you pass the livelong night, alternately scratching and cuffing yourself—fretting and fuming to no purpose—feverish, angry, sleepy, provoked, and wounded in twenty different places! At last, just as the long-expected day begins to dawn, you drop off, quite exhausted, into an unsatisfactory, heavy slumber, during which your triumphant enemy banquets upon your carcass at his convenient leisure. As the sun is rising, the barber enters the room to remove your beard before you step into the bath, and you awaken only to discover the bloated and satiated monster clinging to the top of your bed, an easy, but useless, and inglorious prey!"

## BIOGRAPHY.

REV. ROWLAND HILL.

The Rev. Rowland Hill died on the 11th ult., at his house in Blackfriars-road, after an illness of about a week. Mr. Hill was born in August, 1744. He was the son of Sir Rowland Hill, Bart., of Hawkestone, an ancient and highly respectable Shropshire family. His elder brother, Sir Richard Hill, for several sessions sat in the house of Commons as member for the county; he was a man of distinguished piety, benevolence, and eccentricity, and was the author of a tract entitled 'Pieta Oxoniensis,' in defence of the young men who were expelled from the University of Oxford, in 1766, for praying and expounding the Scriptures. This has given rise to the erroneous notion that Mr. Rowland Hill was one of the number. The present Lord Hill, Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's Forces, is nephew to the venerable personage who is the subject of this brief memorial.

Mr. Hill was educated at Eton College, whence he was removed to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of M. A. with some *clat*. Before he was of age to take orders, he occasionally preached at the Tabernacle, and at the Tottenham-court-road Chapel, which threw some impediment in the way of his receiving ordination. The Bishop of Bath and Wells at length was induced to admit him to deacon's orders, which was the highest step he was permitted to attain in the hierarchy. Mr. Hill was, however, always tenacious of his clerical character, regarding himself as an episcopal clergyman. One of the first public occasions upon which he distinguished himself was in delivering a funeral oration on the death of Mr. Toplady, who had forbidden a funeral sermon to be preached on the occasion, and who, moreover, had expressed his disapprobation of some of Mr. Hill's uncanonical proceedings, although his young friend stood high in his esteem. In 1783, Mr. Hill laid the

first stone of Surrey Chapel, which was opened in 1784; but although he was usually considered as the pastor, preaching there constantly during the winter, the chapel was not licensed as under his pastoral care. He generally spent a considerable portion of the summer in visiting various parts of the United Kingdom, preaching in places of worship of almost every denomination which would admit of his services, and occasionally to large assemblies in the open air. The remainder of the summer he usually passed at Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, where he had a house and a chapel. About the time that he opened Surrey Chapel, he married Miss Mary Tudway, sister of Clement Tudway, Esq., M.P. for Wells, by whom he had no issue. Mrs. Hill died a few years ago.

Few ministers of the Gospel have had to bear the scornful brunt of opposition—to contend against religious animosity—and to bear on through good report and evil report, through so long and active a career, as Mr. Hill. Few have challenged the encounter so boldly, or sustained it so single-handed. The independent and ambiguous ecclesiastical position which he assumed, as theoretically a Churchman and practically a Dissenter,—a Dissenter within the Church, a Churchman among Dissenters,—necessarily involved him, especially in the earlier part of his career, in continual polemic skirmishing. His very catholicism sometimes put on an aggressive form; for of nothing was he so intolerant as of sectarianism. But while he thus made himself many opponents, his blameless character precluded his having any personal enemies. The sarcastic or censorious polemic was forgotten in the warm-hearted philanthropist, the indefatigable evangelist, and consistent saint. It is quite true that Mr. Hill both said and did things, occasionally, which few other men could have said with good effect, or done without imprudence. But the unimpeachable integrity and purity of his intentions, the sanctity of his life, the charm of his manners, the dignity of true breeding which rescued from vulgarity his most familiar phrases and his most eccentric actions, conspired to secure for him, through life, the affectionate veneration of all who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance, or understood his character. In Mr. Hill, no ordinary degree of natural shrewdness was combined with an unsuspecting and guileless mind. This sometimes laid him open to imposition. Deep and accurate as was his acquaintance with human nature, he was not always quick-sighted in reading its appearances in the individual. He understood the heart better than the moral physiognomy of character; and thus his shrewdness did not preserve him altogether from forming mistaken estimates. His generous benevolence was a distinguishing trait of his character; and he seemed to have the power of inspiring his flock with a similar spirit. On two occasions on which collections were made in the churches and chapels throughout the kingdom, (the Patriotic fund at Lloyd's and the subscription for the relief of the German sufferers,) the collections at Surrey Chapel are recorded to have been the largest raised at any one place. The sum annually raised for charitable and religious institutions at Surrey Chapel, has been from £1,500 to £2,000. As a preacher, Mr. Hill was extremely unequal, as well as systematically unmethodical; generally rambling, but pithy, often throwing out the most striking remarks, and sometimes interspersing touches of genuine pathos, amid much that bordered upon the ludicrous. But even in his most grotesque sallies, there was a redeeming simplicity of purpose and seriousness of intention. You felt that the preacher did not mean to trifles; that there was no attempt at display, no unhalloved familiarity in his feelings, or want of reverence to sacred things. In his more private expository exercises, he was generally grave and edifying, with few inequalities, and often highly impressive. In the devotional part of the service, he was uniformly chaste, solemn, and fervent. Of late years, the majesty of venerable age that invested his appearance added not a little to the impressive effect of his instructions. We shall never forget his rising to rebuke the tempestuous discord of the Bible Society Anniversary, held in Exeter Hall, in May, 1831. The keen yet mild reproof came from his lips with almost the force of prophetic authority; and the strong good sense of the few sentences he uttered, went directly to the minds of the auditory. His physical powers had long been in a declining state, but his intellectual energies remained almost unimpaired to the end of his existence.

Among the publications of Mr. Rowland Hill are the following:—'Imposture Detected, and the Dead Vindicated,' 8vo. 1777.—'Sermon on the Death of the Rev. J. Rouquet, of Bristol,' 8vo. 1778.—'Answer to J. Wesley's Remarks upon the Defence of the Character of Whitfield and others,' 8vo. 1778.—'Sermon preached on occasion of Laying the First Stone of the Chapel in the Surrey-road,' 1783.—'Aphoristic Observations proposed to the consideration of the public, respecting the Propriety of admitting Theatrical Amusements into Country Manufacturing Towns,' 8vo. 1790.—'Expostulatory Letter to W. D. Tattersal, A. M., in which the bad tendency of stage amusements is seriously considered,' 8vo. 1796.—'Journal of a Tour through the North of England and parts of Scotland, with Remarks on the Present State of the Church of Scotland,' 8vo. 1799.—'Extract from a Journal of a Second Tour from London through the Highlands of Scotland, and the North western parts of England,' 8vo. 1800.—'A Plea for Union, and a Free Propagation of the Gospel, being an Answer to Dr. Jameson's Remarks on the Author's Tour,' 8vo. 1800.—'Village Dialogues,' 2vo. 1800.—'Apology for Sunday,' 8vo. 1801.—'Cowpock Inoculation Vindicated,' 12mo. 1806.—'A Warning to



Christian Professors," 12mo. 1806.—"Investigation of the Nature and Effects of Parochial Assessments being charged on Places of Religious Worship," 1811.—"Letter on Roman Catholic Emancipation," 1813.—N. M. Mag.

**THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.**—The President left this city on Saturday at an early hour, as appointed, on his way to Connecticut. He was attended by the gentlemen who had previously formed his suite, with the Governor of this State and the delegation from New Haven, and others. He left the wharf in the steamboat Splendid under the same manifestations of regard as on other occasions. Several steamboats accompanied the Splendid for some distance on her way. Off the Navy Yard a salute was fired by the ship of war Vincennes, which manned her yards as the steamboat passed.

The President in compliance with an invitation from the inhabitants, landed for a short time at Bridgeport and then proceeded to New Haven. His arrival in that harbour was announced by salutes, and he landed amidst the cheers of the inhabitants. A procession being arranged, the President then attended passed through various streets to the State House, the bells meanwhile sounding a merry peal of joy. He was there "received by the Governor, Mayor, and other authorities, the Faculty of Yale College, the veterans of the Revolution, &c. &c." He was welcomed in an address by the Governor, and also by the Mayor, to which he made short and appropriate replies. After paying his respects to the ladies who had assembled in the Senate chamber to salute him, he received the congratulations of the citizens in the Hall. He was then escorted to the Colleges by the Faculty and Students, visiting the Lyceum, &c. and again by the procession to his lodgings at the Tontine, where the military passed in review.

On Sunday the President attended on public worship at three of the Churches; and on Monday having visited several manufacturing establishments in the vicinity of the town, proceeded to Hartford.

At Berlin, 11 miles from Hartford, he was met by the city authorities and committee of arrangements from the latter place, and entered the town, attended on horseback by the Governor of the State and the Vice President of the U. S., amidst a great concourse of citizens and military. The children of the schools were paraded for the President's inspection; and citizens of both sexes paid their respects to him at the City Hall. He was afterwards waited on at his lodgings by the clergy; and subsequently, with the gentlemen of his suite, visited the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, where a mute but affecting welcome was tendered by the inmates.

The next morning, the President proceeded down the river to Middletown, where he received the congratulations of the citizens, and was met by deputations from Norwich, New London, and Providence, to wait upon him to their respective towns. At 2 o'clock he arrived at Saybrook, and in a short time landed at Lyme, and proceeded thence to Norwich. He reached that city at an early hour, and met the usual reception. In compliance with an arrangement previously made, the President himself laid the corner stone of a monument to *Uncas*, a celebrated Indian Sachem, who lies buried there, and has left behind him an honourable name. Mr. Cass, the Secretary of War, made a brief address on the occasion.

Our last intelligence reports the President at New-London, where the arrival of the steamboat bearing his name and in which he was passenger, was greeted as at other places on his route. From this place he was to proceed by steamboat to Rhode Island.

The Providence and Boston papers give ample notices of the flattering reception given to the President in those capitals, and in other places on the route—to which we cannot now more particularly refer. We regret to learn that owing probably to over exertion and fatigue, the President's health had been affected so much as to confine him to his bed, at the date of the latest news. His illness was not, however, considered of a very serious nature.

**The Springs.**—Numerous visitors, we are informed, have already proceeded to Ballston and Saratoga. By the facilities of the rail-road, the trips from Albany is now made in three hours without dust or fatigue. It is in contemplation, to try the experiment of having a steamboat leave this city at 5 or 6 A. M. instead of 7, the customary hour, and by this means to allow passengers to reach the Springs the same day.

**Newspapers.**—A paper called the "Daily Advertiser" was lately commenced in Montreal, the first daily sheet in the province.

A second is already attempted, called the "Morning Sun," the plan of which is to be a gratuity to those who receive it; the expenses to be paid by advertisements. Similar experiments have been made in England and in this country, but we believe were short lived. How the scheme may answer in Canada, time will show.

**Newspapers.**—A new one, daily, is announced at Washington City, called the "Moderator." Its particular object is we understand the advocacy of the election of Judge McLean to the office of President of the U. S. at the close of the present term of Gen. Jackson's administration. We hope it will be done with moderation, as this is one of the things generally most deficient in political contests.

Mr. J. W. Parkins has so effectually pleaded his own cause before the Commission of Lunacy, lately occupied with his case, as to be pronounced not insane.

**DEATH.**—The melancholy catastrophe which caused the death of the Hon. Josiah L. Johnston, Senator of the U. S. from Louisiana, was mentioned in last week's Atlas. We now supply, from the New Orleans Argus the annexed biographical notice.

"Mr. Johnston was a native of Connecticut, but was taken in early infancy by his father to Kentucky. He received his education in the latter state, and emigrated to Louisiana at the close of the year 1804, or the commencement of the 1805. His whole life since, with a few short intervals, has been spent in the public service. He served in the first territorial legislature which was convened in New Orleans, and he continued a leading and efficient member of that body until Louisiana was admitted into the Union. Immediately after the organization of the state government he accepted an important office in the judiciary, and filled it with credit and usefulness until he was elected to the House of Representatives of the United States. He continued to serve as a member of that body for two Congresses, and after a short interval was selected by the legislature for the office of Senator in Congress; and there he has since remained; a period if the writer mistakes not, of eleven years."

Col. Nicholas Fish, an aged and highly respectable citizen and an officer of distinction in the American revolutionary war, died at his residence in Stuyvesant street on Thursday. His funeral will take place this afternoon. The Society of the Cincinnati will attend with the usual badge of mourning for their deceased compatriot.

**PRINTING AND TYPE.**—The Publishers of this Paper are desirous of selling a No. 3. Imperial Press, (Smith's patent)—Robert Hoe & Co. makers. It is in excellent order, with double distributors, &c. With a view to uniformity, they are about to procure an entire new font of Type, and will dispose of that with which this Paper is now printed, at the very low price of twenty-five cents per lb. cash, or a good note at six months, with interest. The fonts are about 600 lbs. Brevier, on Bourgeois body; 250 lbs. Brevier; 200 lbs. Bourgeois; and 100 lbs. Minion. The fonts will be sold separately, if wished.—Any letters on the subject must come post paid, to 205 Broadway.

#### MARRIED.

In this city, on the 18th, Mr John Slosson, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of John Stewart, Esq.  
On the 17th, Mr Edward S. Gould, to Miss Mary E. Potter, eldest daughter of Cornelius Dubois, Esq.  
On the 16th, Mr Joshua Underwood, to Miss Eliza Ann Pettit.  
On the 16th, Colonel Joseph O. Bogart, to Mrs Mary, relict of the late Mr John Tice.  
On the 20th, Captain James Gurney, to Miss Rebecca Frye.  
On the 19th, Mr C. Vanderbit, to Miss Eliz. Blauvelt.  
On the 20th, Mr Charles R. Taylor, to Miss Maria, daughter of the late Mr Frederick Resler.  
On the 22d, Mr Thomas H. Hodgkinson, to Miss Malvina A. Bateman.  
On the 18th, Mr John Kirby, to Miss Hannah A. Rich.  
At Nassau, Rensselaer county, on the 13th, Mr Robert Day, of this city, to Miss Eliza, daughter of Tho's Hong, Esq., of the former place.  
At Staten Island, on the 20th, Mr Tunis Van Pel, merchant of this city, to Miss Van Pel, of Cityville, Sweden Island.  
At Cherry Grove, N.J., on the 18th, Mr Robert H. Bell, merchant of this city, to Miss Lydia H. Shattwell, of the former place.

#### DIED.

In this city, on the 18th, Mr Thomas S. Blauvelt, Printer, aged 56.  
On the 17th, Mr Samuel Bard, Jr., aged 30.  
On the 19th, Miss Fanny Camell.  
On the 19th, Mrs Ann Collins, aged 66.  
On the 18th, Mrs Elizabeth, relict of the late Mr James Brown, aged 45.  
On the 20th, Mr Garrit Noel Bleeker, aged 65.  
On the 20th, Mr James Pollock, aged 26.  
On the 18th, Mr Joseph Sherwood, aged 56.  
On the 22d, Mr John M. Southart, aged 39.  
On the 21st, Mrs Elizabeth Owens, aged 24.  
On the 21st, Mr Jean Baptiste Piquette, aged 82.  
On the 21st, Mr Joseph Pell, aged 28.  
On the 21st, Mr James Van Beuren, lumber merchant, aged 69.  
On the 20th, Mr William Ovington, aged 69.  
On the 23d, Mrs Sarah, wife of Mr Joseph Jennings.  
On the 23d, Mrs Ann Rogers, aged 69.  
On the 23d, Mr Andrew Buckham, Jr., to Mrs Sarah A. Molligan.  
On the 23d, Mr Isaac D. Neal, to Miss Sarah A. Sawin.  
On the 24th, Mr Charles Schulz, to Miss Eliz. Burdge.  
On the 24th, Mr Paul H. Green, to Miss Margaret Cross.  
On the 25th, Mr John J. Cass, (of the firm of Guiteau and Cass) to Miss Jane W. Townsend.

#### NOTICE.

TO discharge from Debt, pursuant to the Revised Statutes, part second, Chapter 5, Title 1st or 3d, relating to voluntary assignments, made pursuant to the application of an Insolvent and his Creditors.

James Hay, in his individual capacity, and as one of the late firm of Hay & Loewenstroom, and also as one of the late firm of Hay & Henderson, of the City of New York, notice first published 29th June, Creditors to appear before the Honourable Richard Riker, Recorder of the City of New York, at his office in the City Hall of the said City, on the 11th day of September next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

Charles Loewenstroom, in his individual capacity, and as one of the late firm of Hay & Loewenstroom, of the City of New York, notice first published 29th June, Creditors to appear before the Honourable Richard Riker, Recorder of the City of New York, at his office in the City Hall of the said City, on the 11th day of September next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. [June 29 c10c]

**CHRISTMAS & NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS.**  
A MOST splendid assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's superior POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, DRESSING-CASES, WRITING-DESKS, PORTFOLIOS, Porcelain TABLET BOOKS, &c. &c. of the neatest possible manufacture, for sale by  
BUSSING & Co., 704 William street, (next door to Cohen's, 71.)

**JUST PUBLISHED.**—New York as it is, in 1833; and Citizens' Advertising Directory,—containing a general description of the City and environs, list of officers, public institutions, and other useful information; for the convenience of Citizens as a book of reference, and a guide to Strangers; with a correct Map of the City. Price \$1.00. For sale by all the principal Booksellers in the city, and by the publisher, J. DISTURNELL, No. 155 Broadway.

(Extract from the New York American.)

"This is a capital little book—and the better for being little. It has a good map of the city, a copy of the amended charter, lists of all the institutions of education, commerce, charity, &c. It is what it purports to be, an epitome of the city as it now is."

(Extract from the Commercial Advertiser.)

"Every visitor from abroad, who wishes to become acquainted with the city, should possess himself of this work; it is useful to the citizen, and necessary for the stranger, to whom it affords a key to the city."

**DR. PATTERSON'S Cyclopaedia of Medical and Chirurgical Science,** a Weekly Newspaper for the circulation of Medical and Surgical information—to be published in Washington City: edited by Granville S. Patterson, M.D., Professor of Anatomy in Jefferson College.

As it is the intention of the Publisher to circulate, in a few weeks, a specimen number of the "Cyclopaedia of Medical and Chirurgical Science," and as an opportunity will then be afforded to the Editor to give a full exposition of the plan on which the Journal will be conducted, he considers it unnecessary in the present advertisement to do more than announce its publication, and to state briefly its object:—

The march of improvement in Medical and Chirurgical science, has within a few years, advanced with a rapidity unparalleled in the other sciences. The presses of Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and the United States of America, are sending forth every week valuable original works, and the numerous Medical periodicals which issue, are replete with discoveries, facts, and cases, which it is of the highest importance to the cause of humanity and the interests of medical science that they should be made known to the members of the profession in the U. States immediately on their publication. It is intended that the "Cyclopaedia of Medical and Chirurgical Science" shall accomplish this most important object. It will be devoted to the re-publication of the standard works of the profession, to the circulation of medical news, and to a circum-spect review of the progress of medical and surgical science. The subscribers to the "Cyclopaedia" will therefore not only obtain to their libraries, at a small expense, re-prints of all the medical works, but they will be made acquainted, weekly, with every thing of interest which is taking place in their profession.

A gentleman is now in Europe for the purpose of making arrangements to have all the new works on medicine and surgery, and all the medical journals and reviews, transmitted to the Editor immediately on their publication, and an experienced Engraver has been engaged to reside in the establishment at Washington, for the purpose of executing the engraving which may be required to illustrate the subjects treated of.

Gentlemen acquainted with the French, German, and Italian languages, will make translations of the best medical and surgical works which may appear in these languages, for re-publication in the "Cyclopaedia."

The "Cyclopaedia" will be printed on a sheet 48 inches long by 38 inches wide, giving 64 large royal octavo pages folded into pamphlet form, stitched and covered. All the folded into pamphlet form, it will be a newspaper, and it should be subject to newspaper postage only. It is proposed to give 52 numbers per annum, containing 3323 pages, or five volumes of 659 pages each, at a subscription of \$10 per annum.

A specimen number will be issued in a few weeks, and the next as soon as three thousand subscribers are obtained. Those who desire to patronize the work, are requested to address the Publisher at Washington City, to whom the first year's subscription should be forwarded on the receipt of the second number.

All communications intended for the Editor, should be addressed to him at Philadelphia. All letters addressed to either, should have postage paid. DUFF GREEN, Washington City, May 4th, 1833.

#### NEW WASHINGTON BATH,

Between the Sixth Avenue and Washington Square.

**THE** Proprietor of this Bath, encouraged by his numerous and increasing Patrons, has, at a very great expense, built a more commodious Bathing House, adjoining his former one, and which is now open, and fitted-up with every convenience for Gentlemen exclusively; the former Bathing House is reserved for the uses of Ladies only, to which there is a separate and distinct entrance, and to whom every accommodation and attendance will be afforded. He has also added a separate room in front, where he intends keeping a Circulating Library and Reading Room, together with a general assortment of Stationery, &c. No attention will be wanting to make this concern equal, if not superior, to any similar establishment "Down Town," while the well-known salubrity of the village air, and the especial purity and softness of its water, cannot but recommend it to all those who would enjoy the luxury and the health-preserving virtues of the Bath.

Single Tickets, 25 cents; Five Tickets, \$1.00; Eight Tickets, \$1.50; Twelve Tickets, \$2.00; Sixteen Tickets, \$2.50; Forty Tickets, \$5.00; One Hundred Tickets, (viz. 40 Gentlemen, 40 Ladies, and 20 Children) \$10.00. New York, April 27, 1833. c6m

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IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT THE OLD STAND, A CHOICE SUPPLY OF

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Wholesale and retail.—At the lowest possible market price—varying according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.

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71 WILLIAM STREET,  
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**MARBLE DUST**, warranted, for sale at manufacturer's price, by GEORGE D. COGGESHALL, Apothecary & Druggist, cor. of Pearl & Rose st.

#### SLATE ROOFS

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**WARRANTED TO BE MADE TO DRAW.**  
No Care, no Pay.—Also, SLATE ROOFS Repaired and warranted Tight.—Orders will be promptly attended to on application to  
THOS. SHERIDAN, Slater, 208 William st.

#### DR. T. FRANCES,

#### DENTIST,

95 CHATHAM STREET, NEW YORK.

**FANCY STATIONARY & PERFUMERY.**—Engraved, Settin surface, Gilt, and Perfumed Note Paper, of different colors and sizes; Screens and Screen Handles; Card Racks, &c.; together with a general assortment of Perfumery, consigned for sale by  
J. DISTURNELL, 155 Broadway.

#### OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

**MR. BRYAN**, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

#### INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable color and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his **PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR**, highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis F. Leffer, M.D., D. W. Kinsam, Jr. M.D., Amaziah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheeseman, M.D. June 6 c6m.

#### PREMIUM.—A FINE GOLD MEDAL.

**INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH**, honored with the Diploma of the American Institute. "The highest Premium, and the only one for Artificial Teeth," was awarded by the American Institute, in the City of New-York, at the late Fair, for the best Incorruptible Teeth, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Operative Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chamber-street, New-York.

#### PREMIUM INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

Ladies and gentlemen who wish to supply the loss of their teeth, in the best possible manner, are most respectfully assured, that the Premium Incorruptible Teeth manufactured and inserted by the subscriber, possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificial teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess a highly polished and vitrified surface, most beautiful enamel, and that peculiar animated appearance which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude detection notwithstanding the closest scrutiny. They are readily and easily supplied, from a single tooth through every successive number, to a full and entire set; thus restoring to all ages, the healthful gratification of mastication, the pleasures of a distinct articulation and sonorous pronunciation. They are Incorruptible! and with their color, retain their form, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty, to the latest period of human existence. In point of economy, they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of fire and acid, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary, to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to eminent and distinguished men of the medical faculty. **JONATHAN DODGE, M.D. L.N.H. N.Y.** &c. Operative Dental Surgeon, Original and only Manufacturer and Inserter of the Genuine Premium Incorruptible Teeth—No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's Imitation-human-Incorruptible Teeth, other Dentists have deemed it not unfair to appropriate the name to teeth of their procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis: he deems it no less his duty to caution his patrons and the public, that his Premium Incorruptible Teeth are, in this city, inserted by himself only.

Patients from abroad are also particularly cautioned against imposition of another kind, and will please to bear in mind, that the subscriber has neither BROTHER or COUSIN, nor any other relative, a dentist; that he has no connection whatever with any other office, and has never held his office at any other place in the city of New-York than where it now is, and has been for years past, No. 5 Chambers-st. Please recollect the Number.